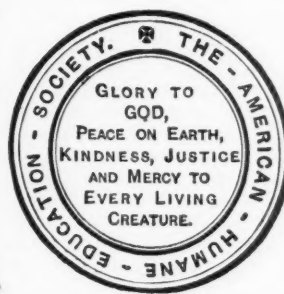


Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



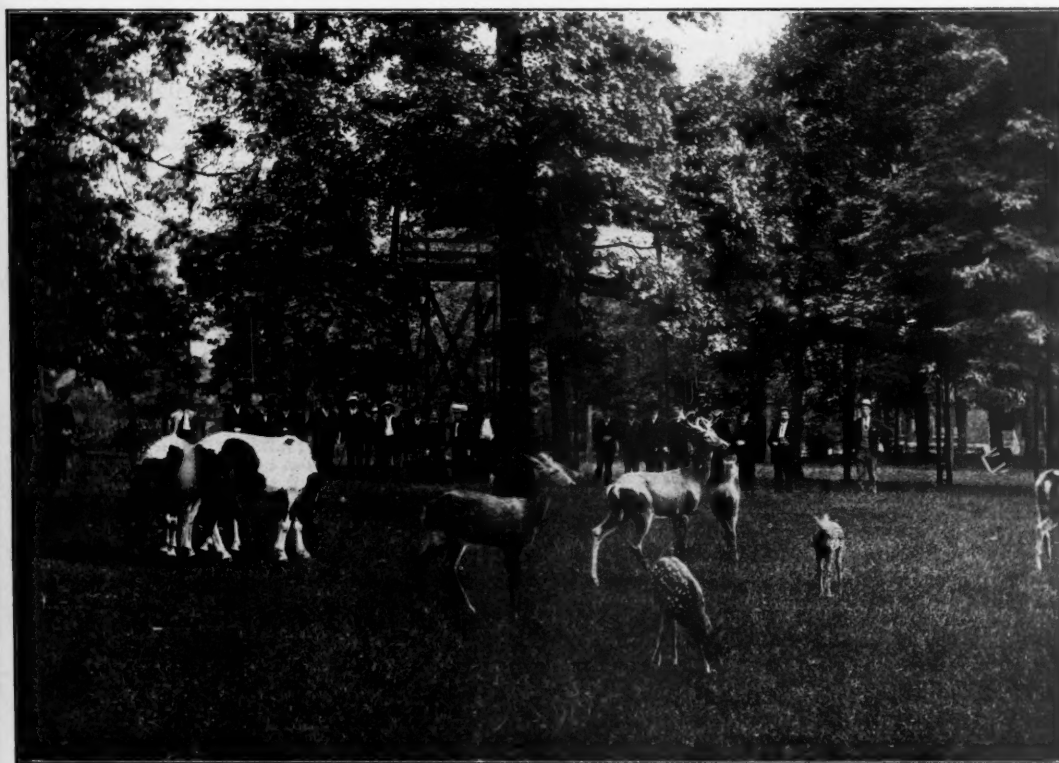
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 36.

Boston, March, 1904.

No. 10.



SANITARIUM WALKING CLUB AFIELD—NO CRUELTY HERE.

[Used by kind permission of "Good Health," Battle Creek, Michigan.]

MR. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

We see in our daily paper of February 3rd many columns devoted to the praise of Mr. Wm. C. Whitney, who has recently died.

Mr. Whitney came from a small town in the western part of our state, acquired in various ways a large fortune, and spent a considerable portion of it in horse

racing and hunting deer [and perhaps other creatures] with hounds [which is a kind of amusement not taught by our Humane Societies or "Bands of Mercy"], and which caused the death of Mrs. Whitney at Aiken, South Carolina, some years ago.

We know that some people approve this kind of amusement, just as they do cutting off the tails of

their polo ponies and other horses. A high official of our Government boasts that he has ridden to hounds on Long Island and broken three or four of his own bones [saying nothing about how many horses' bones he has broken], and then adds, that if he thought one of his sons would weigh a broken bone against the glory of being one of Harvard's football eleven he would disinherit him. We think such ideas better fitted to the old heathen amphitheatres of ancient Rome than to a Christian commonwealth.

What we want in our country to-day is not the athletics of the gambling college prize-fight, and many other brutalities that prevail so largely in many of our [so-called] Christian colleges and schools, but the athletics of Abraham Lincoln, whose great heart would not harm the weakest harmless living creature—the athletics that made Grant and Sherman and Lee and Stonewall Jackson humane—the athletics that has helped true patriots to defy the devil and all his works in some of our great cities—the athletics that nerved the arms of Cromwell and his Ironclads to sweep a godless aristocracy from England, as the great Dutch admiral, with a broom at his masthead, swept the sea.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THEY CALL THIS SPORT.

Here is a picture.

It shows several millionaires, perhaps a dozen men and women who have money and are in the Four Hundred. They are armed with guns. In the foreground is a great pile of dead birds, *over a thousand in all*, and mostly pheasants.

One millionaire and his guests killed the birds *for fun*.

The millionaire has a great park, comprising thousands of acres. There he has his gamekeepers and guards to keep out intruders. The place is a veritable Eden for wild animals. The sun shines on primitive nature, and the great forest seems good.

Mother pheasants lay their eggs, warm them with their bodies, bring forth their young and try to carry out the great scheme of nature as God has planned it.

And then along come this millionaire and his guests. They have aped an English custom. They are not in need of food. They do not kill to eat. *They find enjoyment in slaying. It is really a blood thirst; and even the women have no scruples about taking bird life.*

The beaters scramble through bush and gully. They drive the frightened birds before them. Bang! bang! go the guns. Here a bird flutters about in agony, shot through a wing. There is one with a broken leg. Further on one with a cruel wound has fluttered into the bushes to die.

And all about there is laughter. The guests are having a royal time. Later there will be a lunch, and the various members of the party will boast about the number of birds that died by their hands. All will look up to the man or woman who shed the most blood.

They call it sport—sport fit for kings.

Things not unlike this were done in old heathen Rome for the amusement of the rich, until Nero fiddled while Rome was burning and heathen Rome fell [as it deserved] by the sword.

THE GREAT FIRE AT BALTIMORE.

The great fire at Baltimore shows the unsafety of property in our cities and larger towns, and the truth of what we said years ago to that great audience in Minneapolis presided over by Governor Pillsbury, that one neglected boy might on any windy night burn down half their city.

We are sure the time will come when educators and property owners will think vastly more of "*Bands of Mercy*" and humane education than they do now.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

JAPAN, RUSSIA, CHINA, FRANCE.

Many years ago (as we have before said in this paper) some of Napoleon's officers urged him to conquer China and hold it as the British hold India. His reply was, "Better let China alone. We might conquer a few of their provinces, but we should teach them the art of war and in time, with great armies and navies, they might conquer France."

To our mind it seems clear that what Japan has in the way of armies and navies China will have on a vastly larger scale, and we may find that these oriental nations are as much interested in the Philippines, and Sandwich Islands, and Panama Canal, as we are. Indeed, it would not be surprising if the millions of Asia should hold a war power quite equal to the millions of Europe and some time even conquer France.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PRESIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

In our opinion President Eliot has set a splendid example to the educated men of our country by his address on February 8th, in Faneuil Hall, to The Boston Central Labor Union, filling the entire hall.

In our opinion great questions are now coming up which threaten the existence of

our republic and the protection of property and life. It is not a time for fiddling when Rome is burning, but a time when the wisest thoughts of the wisest men should be heard from every platform, and President Eliot leads the way.

As our readers know, our American Humane Education Society recently offered a prize of \$200 for the best plan of preventing strikes, and Governor Bates, of Massachusetts, and Mayor Collins, of Boston, appointed the committee, who, after careful examination of eighty-eight competing plans, made their award; of which we have distributed nearly sixty thousand copies and send gratuitously to all asking.

It is our earnest hope that our prominent educational men may follow the example of President Eliot and that through their efforts great good may come both to our country and the world. GEO. T. ANGELL.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

There are hundreds of able, intelligent, honest and humane men in Massachusetts alone, any three of whom, if properly authorized, could settle the difficulty between Russia and Japan [just as it ought to be settled] without the sacrifice of another life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE COST OF OUR RECENT WARS.

We have before us a profoundly interesting computation from official government reports, by Edward Atchinson, LL.D., Ph.D., showing that in the last seven years, from 1898 to 1904, our wars have cost our country more than a thousand millions of dollars, saying nothing of the sufferings and deaths of thousands of horses and men. Nearly all this cost might have been saved if one undergraduate of one of our leading universities had been humanely educated.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A MILLION.

A million men and horses in European armies could have been saved from terrible sufferings and death if Napoleon Bonaparte, when a boy, could have belonged to a "Band of Mercy."

WILLIAM PENN.

While all our other colonies were fighting the Indians, William Penn lived with them in perfect peace.

MY COUNTRY RIGHT OR WRONG.

The first time we ever heard this sentiment was at a fourth of July dinner in Faneuil Hall, many years ago, when one of the oratorical luminaries [who was probably pretty well filled with champagne] exclaimed in a prodigious voice "my country right or wrong," and was loudly cheered by others probably about as drunk as himself.

He reminded us of the man who being inquired of whether he was a "bull" or "bear" on the stock exchange said he was neither, "he was only an ass."

War is the concentration of all human crimes.

William E. Channing.

HARD WINTER FOR HORSES.

This appeared in various Boston dailies of Feb. 6th, 7th and 8th:

HARD WINTER FOR THE HORSES.

PRaise FOR COMMISSIONERS AND POLICE IN WORK OF RELIEF.

George T. Angell says:

"As everybody in Boston knows, we have been having a hard winter for human beings and a harder one for horses. Under the circumstances it has been very gratifying to know that our police commissioners and our police are doing what they can to prevent overloading and abuse.

"A recent order from the superintendent of police urging all the men under his command to do their best at all times and in all places for the relief of the horses and the enforcement of the law regarding overloading effects much for the benefit of the animals whom it is our constant privilege and duty to help."

DOGS WITHOUT MUZZLES.

In the thirty-six years since we issued the first number of this paper there have come to our table accounts of the saving of human lives and property by unmuzzled dogs—from fires, tramps, burglars, and drowning—sufficient to fill an entire volume; and to these might be properly added as many more, where, from the want of an unmuzzled dog, human lives and property have been lost.

Some years ago we said to a rich banker whom we found alone in his private banking-house at Ashland, Wisconsin, that he ought to have a powerful dog. He laughed at the suggestion, but a few months later was suddenly confronted in that same room by two men with revolvers, who took all the money in his bank and locked him up in his own safe, where he was almost at the point of death from suffocation when his alarmed family succeeded in releasing him. The powerful, unmuzzled dog we recommended would have saved his money and the life he came so near losing.

We do not know how many times in the past quarter of a century we have been called to our State House to plead for an unmuzzled dog, but the times have been many. GEO. T. ANGELL.

From "The Cattle Train."

By COL. CHAS. HEATON, CORUNDUM, N. C.

Thundering over our broad domain,
A living Freight on its way to be slain,
On our "civilization" a shameful stain,
Is the cruel, inhuman Cattle Train.

Torn from cool pastures where they were raised,
Frightened—Thirsty—Trembling—Dazed—
Blinded by cinders, choked with smoke,
And worse than killed when their hearts are broke.

O man, O man, "The Head of Creation,"
Of what avail is your civilization?
If all it brings in the life to come
Is a just-God's anger and condemnation.

Alexandre Dumas was dining one day at the house of a banker, in company with General T. At dessert the conversation turned on the existence of God. "I, for my part," said the General, "cannot imagine the existence of such a mysterious entity as the Supreme Being." "General," replied Dumas, "I keep at home two hounds, a couple of monkeys, and a parrot, which are exactly of your opinion."

How did Dumas know this?

A MILLION ANAGNOSES.

A friend was telling us the other day of the good work being done by Mr. Anagnos for the blind. We fully assented, and added that it was the object of our "*Bands of Mercy*" to build up for the next generation a million Anagnoses.

OUR BAND OF MERCY ORGANIZERS

Mr. Hubbard is in the schools of East St. Louis, and Mr. Leach in the schools of Gloucester.

"HALLS OF FAME."

We see that New York city is to have two "Halls of Fame," one for men, the other for women.

We want in Boston a "Hall of Humanity" for both men and women, to carry down to posterity the names and faces of those who by generous gifts and noble deeds have done the most to promote peace on earth and good will to all God's creatures, both human and [so-called] dumb.

Such a hall would have an appropriate place in a "Humane Building" of our American Humane Education Society.

NEUTRAL FLAG.

On the 110th page of our Autobiographical Sketches will be found, under the above heading, the following:

"As in wars between nations, ships sailing under a neutral flag enter all ports, so in wars between religious sects and political parties, this little vessel of ours, 'Our Dumb Animals,' sails monthly into every editorial office in America north of Mexico, and into many other lands, to distribute its cargoes of mercy through tens of thousands of channels into millions of homes which, under a different flag, it could never have reached."

OUR HUMANE BUILDING.

On February 15th we received from a New York gentleman this:

"I have lately seen some reference to your proposed building for humane uses. Will you please tell me in fewest words of its plan, prospect and purposes." We send the gentleman article from our February paper, prepared for distribution at the St. Louis Exposition, showing the work we have already accomplished, and the following:

THE PROUDEST MONUMENT IN AMERICA.

Millionaires are giving vast sums to our colleges [from which too many educated devils are being sent out to curse our country and the world]. But no one yet has undertaken to erect a "Humane Building" which, devoted to unsectarian Humane Education, shall bear and carry down to future generations the name of its donor and stand as the proudest monument in America to tell of his humanity.

We also send the following, which has appeared in one of our previous papers:

A TEMPLE OF HUMANITY.

We want to build in Boston, to be the home of our "American Humane Education Society"—our Bands of Mercy and our State Society P. C. A., a "Temple of Humanity," on whose inside walls shall stand through the centuries as long as Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill monument, not only the names, on marble tablets, of its founders, but also [unless expressly forbidden], either oil paintings or their photographs, protected [as they easily can be] to show future generations the kind faces of those who have helped build our "Temple of Humanity."

In the growth of our humane work, when our Bands of Mercy [multiplied by ten] shall number half-a-million—and this paper goes monthly to nearly or quite a million readers—and our other humane publications reach, as "Black Beauty" has already, more than three millions copies, we may need the whole of a large building, but in the meantime portions of it can [like our Tremont Temple] be profitably let for other unobjectionable uses.

Some of our friends will prefer, we think, to have their monuments in this form rather than at Mount Auburn.

We certainly would prefer to have our name stand through the centuries in the "Temple of Humanity" than in a "Temple of Fame."

And to these articles we add the following:

Of course, if we should receive a building from any person or persons, we should be glad to comply with all reasonable requests in regard to making it their permanent monument.

One of my present thoughts is to have two connecting buildings on one of our best streets, [where property has not too largely increased in value] one of which shall be owned by The American Humane Education Society and the other by our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. After the deaths of myself and wife, I give most of my property to be divided equally between the two societies, although I regard The Humane Educa-

OUR "HUMANE BUILDING."

It is suggested that our proposed new building shall be named "The Humane Building"—that in the most prominent part of it shall be the names and faces of its givers and the objects for which it is erected: "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature."



ALBERT GLEASON AND HIS OXEN.

[From "Boston Globe."]

tion Society as by far the most important. It is the first of its kind in the world, has been authorized by our Legislature to hold a million of dollars, and its directors hold office for life, so that the plans of the Society cannot be changed by annual or other elections. I have no doubt of the erection of a Humane building or buildings. It is only a question of time, and I think of a short time. Shall be glad to answer further questions.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NO GIVER TO SUFFER.

In several cases money has been given to both our Societies on condition that, if by reason of misfortune, it shall be needed by the giver, it shall be returned.

I know our directors so well, that if there were no condition, and it were brought to our knowledge that the money given was needed to prevent suffering, I am sure they would unanimously vote to return it.

We are humane societies and intend that none but humane persons shall be on their board of directors. GEO. T. ANGELL.

ARIOCH WENTWORTH.

We intend that the name and face of our good friend of forty years, Mr. Arioch Wentworth, shall have the place in our "Humane Buildings" to which they are entitled by his generous gifts of one hundred thousand dollars to each of our two Societies.

A USEFUL CRANK.

One of our occasional amusements is to look over the numerous comments of the press which come to our table in regard to ourself personally and "Our Dumb Animals."

In a pile handed us this morning we find, 1st, that we are a harmless and rather useful crank, but had better not pitch into Presidents. 2d, that we ought to devote our ability, learning, influence, etc., etc., to attacking the cursed usury which pervades and permeates the highways and byways of commerce!

3d, that no society in the world exhibits more the spirit of Christianity than the "American Humane Education Society;" 4th, that we are one of the best men in the country and no man is engaged in a nobler work; 5th, that we are a benefactor of the

human race and doing more to put kindness and charity into our fellow-men than the societies which aim to care directly for the human; 6th, that our work is a magnificent one and should receive the support of all good citizens; 7th, that we have caused "Bands of Mercy" to be formed with more than two millions members; and then follow a lot telling what a splendid paper "Our Dumb Animals" is, and how much credit our brother editors think we are entitled to.

But of all that we have read this morning on second thought we will find no fault with being called "a harmless and rather useful crank."

(From Boston Post, Feb. 16.)

"It would be an excellent thing if more wealthy men, in making their last will and testament, would emulate the example of the late Arioch Wentworth, and bequeath something substantial to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In life most men of means have many pets in the way of horses and dogs, and this love for the brute creation should take a material form. Here is food for thought."

"HAVING EYES THEY SEE NOT."

In 1868, while in company with Chief Justice Bigelow and Hon. Wm. Gray, we were considering the proposed law which we had prepared for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Massachusetts, one of Boston's most distinguished citizens, George Ticknor [then living on the corner of Beacon and Park streets—one of the steepest hill streets of Boston—up which every year thousands of overloaded horses were compelled to struggle just under Mr. Ticknor's windows] called, and finding us very busily engaged, inquired what we were doing. Mr. Gray replied that we were considering a law for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

"Cruelty to animals!" said Mr. Ticknor, "there is no cruelty to animals in Massachusetts!"

How many times since that day we have been told by prominent, intelligent, and humane citizens that until our work was begun and their attention called to it they had really never thought of the subject in their whole lives.

We shall never forget how at the close of one of our addresses in New Orleans, a stranger rose in the audience and said: "Ten years ago I was a student in Dartmouth College when Mr. Angell came there and on Monday morning addressed the Faculty and students in the college chapel"—and then added: "I had never thought of the subject before in my life, but when I left college there was no one thing more strongly impressed on my mind than the importance of teaching kindness to dumb animals." That gentle-

man was then assistant superintendent and has since become superintendent of the public schools of Minneapolis.

It requires but little thought for any intelligent mind to perceive from a very short consideration of only these two cases the power and importance of the humane education which we are seeking through our "American Humane Education Society" to send out over our whole country and the world.

Very likely some of our friends may have thought that in giving gratuitously [when past sixty years of age] our one hour addresses during sixty-one days of a cold winter in the great Normal, High, Latin and Grammar schools of Boston, and getting in return the bronchitis and spasmodic asthma which have since troubled us, we made a very bad bargain. But can any human being begin to estimate the result to those boys and girls and their children and children's children of those addresses, and the hundreds of thousands of our humane publications that we then and since have gratuitously distributed in Boston public schools?

All our labors in Chicago to found there the Society which has since saved millions of dumb creatures from suffering, would have probably proved a failure but for the assistance of one man who, when a little boy away up in the mountains of New Hampshire, was taught in the little country school to be kind to animals.

When we called upon President Hayes at Washington many years ago to ask that he would kindly put into his message to Congress something about the cruelty of animal transportation, his reply was that when at school in Massachusetts he once heard from Rev. Dr. Hedge a talk about animals which he had never forgotten, and that if we would write what we wanted, and it suited him, it should go into his message to Congress—and it did.

Prosecutions are a necessary and important part of our work, but in comparison with the tremendous power of humane education are only as the light of a single star in God's firmament to the sun in its meridian splendor.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

We are delighted to receive a printed manual of the course of studies in all the public schools of Los Angeles County, California, and to find in it that from the primary grade, first year, to the seventh and eighth years the children are to be taught kindness to animals—the proper treatment of pets—the evil of docking and over-checks—the wrong of wanton killing—the usefulness of small birds, and the formation of "Bands of Mercy," and that in all cases the book "Black Beauty" is to be read to or by all the children. This is the book which one of our great publishers told us it would never pay to print, but which we have carried up to a circulation of over three millions.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TWO KINDS OF HUMANE EDUCATION.

Because we would teach every child in America to be kind to all that deserve kindness, it does not follow that we believe in only one kind of humane education.

The Chicago policeman who first hurled to the ground a brutal cattle drover who was whipping a sick sheep, and then sat down on top of him, pulled out a copy of the laws of Illinois and delivered a lecture on cruelty to animals, was the best kind of a humane educator that the case admitted of.

There are few events of our own life that we look back upon with more pleasure than one in which we broke a stout hickory cane over the back of a street bully who was insulting peaceable passers-by.

There are two kinds of humane education, and until we get a little nearer the millennium both may have to be sometimes used.

PERFECT HEALTH.

We receive on this Feb. 3, from a teacher and president of one of our "Bands of Mercy," in Springfield, Missouri, a kind letter, ordering a large variety of our publications, and saying that both she and her pupils are praying that we may have perfect health.

We have belief in the power of sincere, earnest prayers, and are glad to receive this kind letter.

Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature, are the words on the seal of our American Humane Education Society.

SEVEN-MILLION BATTLESHIPS.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says:

WAR IN 1919.

By 1919, if the present programme is carried out, this country will have forty-eight battleships and half as many armored cruisers, and by that time, if predictions are correct, all of them may be blown out of the water as soon as they come within reach of an enemy's radium batteries.

Seven-million battleships seem to be easily destroyed now by Japanese torpedoes.

THERE HANGS A SABER.

FRANCIS A. DURWAGE.

There hangs a saber, and there a rein,
With a rusty buckle and green curb chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a mouldy saddle—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable—it is not far;
The moss grown door is hanging ajar.
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger, and that is all.

The good black horse came riderless home,
Flecked with blood drops as well as foam;
See yonder hillock where dead leaves fall;
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? O, God! it is all I can speak.
Question me not—I am old and weak;
His saber and saddle hang on the wall,
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

Angel of Peace.

A SONG OF PEACE.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust;

A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust.

Nay, bend back the lance's point, and break the helmet bar,

A noise is in the morning winds, but not the note of war!

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops increase;

They come! they come! how fair their feet—they come that publish peace,

Yea, Victory, fair Victory, our enemies are ours,
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with flowers.

Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but wait a little while,

And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall smile,

And every tender, living thing shall feed by streams of rest,

Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursing from the nest.

JOHN RUSKIN.

HOW THE GOVERNOR SIGNED THE PARDON.

[EUGENE FIELD, in Chicago News.]

Everybody was afraid of the old governor because he was so cross and surly. And one morning he was crosser and surlier than ever, because he had been troubled for several days with a matter which he had already decided, but which many people wished to have reversed. A man, found guilty of a crime, had been imprisoned, and there were those who, convinced of his penitence, and knowing that his family needed his support, earnestly sought his pardon. To all these solicitations the old governor replied, "No," and, having made up his mind, the old governor had no patience with those who persisted. So the old governor was in high dudgeon one morning and when he came to his office he said to his secretary: "Admit no one. I am weary of these senseless importunities."

Now, the secretary had a discreet regard for the old governor's feelings, and it was seldom that his pres-

ence of mind so far deserted him as to admit of his suffering the old governor's wishes to be disregarded. He bolted the door and sat himself down at his modest desk, and simulated intense enthusiasm in his work.

His simulation was more intense than usual, for never before had the secretary seen the old governor in such harsh mood.

"Has the mail come? Where are the papers and the letters?" demanded the old governor, in a gruff voice.

"Here they are, sir," said the secretary, as he put the bundle on the old governor's table. These are addressed to you privately; the business letters are on my desk. Would you like to see them now?"

"No, not now," growled the old governor; I will read the papers and my private correspondence first."

But the old governor found cause for uneasiness. The papers discussed the imprisoned man, and these private letters came from certain of the old governor's friends, who, strangely enough, exhibited an interest in the self-same prisoner. The old governor was disgusted.

"They should mind their own business," muttered the old governor. "The papers are officious, and these other people are impertinent. My mind is made up—nothing shall change it."

Then the old governor turned to his private secretary, and bade him bring the business letters, and presently the private secretary could hear the old governor growling and fumbling over the pile of correspondence. He knew why the old governor was excited; many of these letters were petitions touching the imprisoned man.

"Humph!" said the governor at last. "I'm glad I'm done with them. There are no more, I suppose."

When the secretary made no reply, the old governor was surprised. He wheeled in his chair and searchingly regarded the secretary over his spectacles. He saw that the secretary was strangely embarrassed.

"You have not shown all," said the governor, sternly. "What is it you have kept back?"

Then the secretary said: "It is nothing but a little child's letter—I thought I would not bother you with it."

The governor was interested. A child's letter—what could it be about? Such a thing had never happened before.

"A child's letter! Let me see it," said the governor, and, although his voice was harsh, somewhat of a tender light came into his eyes.

"'Tis nothing but a scrawl," explained the secretary, "and it comes from the prisoner's child—Monckton's little girl—Monckton, the forger, you know. Of course there's nothing in it—a mere scrawl; for the child is only five years old. But the gentleman who sends it says the child brought it to him and asked him to send it to the governor."

The governor took the letter, and he scanned it curiously. What a wonderful letter it was, and who but a little child could have written it! Such strange hieroglyphics and crooked lines—it was a wonderful letter, as you can imagine.

But the old governor saw something more than the hieroglyphics and crooked lines and rude pencilings. He could see in and between the lines of the little child's letter a sweetness and a pathos he had never seen before, and on the crumpled sheet he found a love like the love his bereaved heart had vainly yearned for, oh! so many years.

As the old governor looked upon the crumpled page and saw and heard the pleadings of the child's letter, he thought of his own little one—God rest her innocent soul! And it seemed to him as if he could hear her dear baby voice joining with this other's in truthful pleading.

The secretary was amazed when the old governor said: "Give me a pardon blank." But what most amazed him was the tremulous tenderness in the old governor's voice and the mistiness behind the old governor's spectacles, as he folded the crumpled page and put it carefully in the breast-pocket of his greatcoat.

"Humph," thought the secretary, "the old governor has a kinder heart than any of us suspected."

When the prisoner was pardoned and came from his cell, people grasped him by the hand and said: "We saved you."

But the secretary knew, and the old governor, too—God bless him for his human heart!—they knew that a dimpled baby hand opened those prison doors.

TWO KINDS OF ARMIES.

FROM ADDRESS OF GEO. T. ANGELL TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF "THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION," NASHVILLE, TENN.

"There are two kinds of armies in the world—armies of cruelty and armies of mercy.

Of one kind are the armies of war.

For thousands of years they have been marching on to battlefields for the purpose of destroying human life.

Personally, the individuals composing those armies have had no cause of offence; personally, they might have been friends. Many of them have belonged to the same Christian churches and have been looking forward to an inheritance in the same Heaven.

Yet at the command of politicians they have marched on to battlefields to kill each other, and the armies which could kill the greater number—pile the battle grounds with the largest heaps of dead and wounded horses and men—have won glorious victories, and costly monuments have been erected to tell future generations *what a noble thing it is for Christian men to kill each other in this way.*

But within the past few years something new has come on to these battlefields, and the distant spectator looking over the smoke of the battle has seen floating from the top of some high building on either side a flag different from all the rest—a white flag, with a red cross on it.

What does that mean?

It means *another army* on that battlefield, seeking to save the lives which the others are seeking to destroy—going out with stretchers—bringing in the wounded—binding up the wounds—taking messages to the wives and mothers at home—speaking words of comfort and cheer to the dying.

It is one division of the great army of mercy.

On the stormy nights of winter, when the tempest is on, and the great waves come rolling in on our Atlantic coast, if you could look through the darkness you would see for hundreds of miles along the coast, strong men, bronzed by exposure to the weather, walking all night long like sentinels, up and down, peering out into the darkness.

By and by a vessel—perhaps a great steamer—comes driving ashore. A signal light is flashed, other strong men come hurrying down the coast with life-saving apparatus. If a boat can live the lifeboat is launched and, manned by brave fellows, pulls out into the storm. If a boat cannot live, then a life line is fired over the vessel, a cable is drawn on board, a chair is rigged on the cable, and backward and forward it plies until every passenger and every sailor is saved.

Another division of the great army of mercy.

A fire breaks out to-night here in Nashville in some high building, and the sleepers, suddenly awakened, rush down and out of the building—now the staircase is burning—now a frantic mother discovers that her little child has been left sleeping in an upper story.

But the fire alarm has sounded—you hear the horses galloping down the street—a ladder is planted against the building, a brave fireman goes up, a stream of water is turned on him to protect him from the flames, he enters the building, he comes to the window with the little child in his arms, he descends the ladder and places it in the arms of its mother.

Another division of the great army of mercy."

DO ANIMALS SUFFER?

"I need not tell you that animals suffer.

Hundreds of thousands of cattle die on our western plains.

Starved to death because their owners provide no food—frozen to death because they provide no shelter.

The bones of those hundreds of thousands of cattle lie bleaching on the plains to-day.

When I visited New Orleans, one of the first to call upon me was the agricultural editor of one of the leading papers of that city, a most highly respected planter.

He told me of the cruelties practised in the Southern States, and before leaving, said: 'I believe, Mr. Angell, the curse of God is on my state for the cruelty inflicted here on dumb animals.'

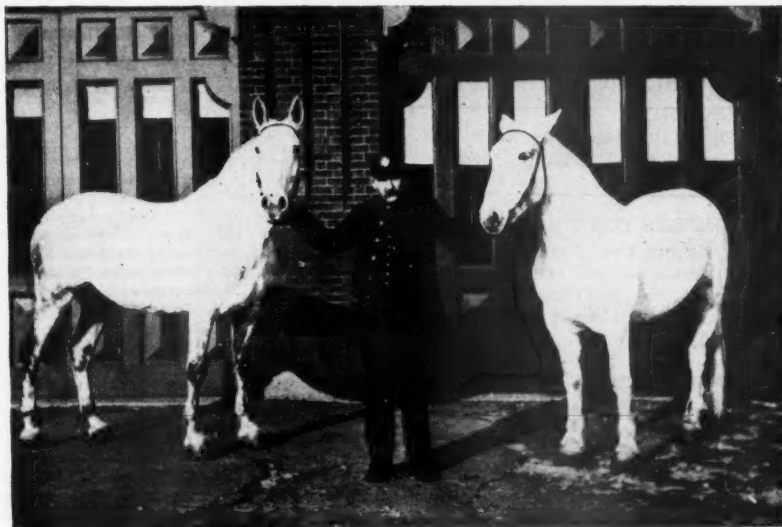
I heard the same story in Florida. I hear it wherever I go.

Hundreds of thousands die in transportation on the cars for want of food, water and rest, and the flesh of many of them is sold in our markets.

Hundreds of thousands are slaughtered in ways most barbarous, when all could be killed without foreknowledge and almost without pain.

I have stood in slaughter-houses and witnessed scenes that compelled me to leave or drop fainting on the floor—hundreds of animals compelled to stand and see others slaughtered, knowing their turn was coming next.

Hundreds of thousands of young calves are taken every year from their mothers *when too young to eat hay*, and kept without food three to six days before they are slaughtered, and in the meantime, in some parts of our country, they are bled from one to three times to get all the blood out of them and make their flesh look very white and delicate.



THREE MEMBERS OF THE HAVERHILL (MASS.) FIRE DEPARTMENT.
[A PART OF ONE OF OUR MASSACHUSETTS ARMIES OF MERCY.]

I need not go out of my own state to find plenty of cruelty.

WHY HAVE THESE CRUELITIES BEEN PERMITTED?

"Why have there, from the discovery of America to the past few years, been no laws for the protection of God's dumb creatures?"

I answer: Because nobody has been taught by the press, the pulpit or in the schools that such laws ought to be enacted, or that dumb animals were entitled to protection."

BEGUN WITH PRAYER.

"Our Massachusetts Society was begun with prayer.

At the close of the meeting at which it was organized, its president and honorary secretary went to an office underneath, and with a deep sense of responsibility knelt and asked God to bless it.

Our first appeal to the public closed with these words: 'This Society has a great work before it, and it earnestly asks the aid and prayers of every man and woman in Massachusetts who believes in God and has sympathy for his suffering creatures.'

THE "THREE BELLS."

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly;
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out:
Dear God! was that Thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
'Ho! ship ahoy!' its cry:
"Our stout 'Three Bells of Glasgow'
Shall stand till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the "Three Bells."

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft to cheer and hearten
The "Three Bells" never ran.

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry,
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted,
"The 'Three Bells' shall stand by!"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The "Three Bells" sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, "Three Bells," forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, "Three Bells" of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

As thine, in night and tempest,
I hear the Master's cry,
And, tossing through the darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh!

FOR THE HORSES.

Kindly permit me to suggest to teamsters, in and about Boston, having heavily loaded teams, to take a shovel with them to cover with snow bare spots they are compelled to cross, and a small bag of sand or ashes may frequently save horses from falling on icy places.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The above was sent to all our dailies on Feb. 13th.

RED ACRE FARM.

We are glad to know that Miss Harriet G. Bird is making her "Red Acre Farm," at Stow, Mass., a success as a sanatorium for horses.

She has now four free stalls, a hundred dollars paying for the best attention and care for one year.

We ought to have a hundred such farms in Massachusetts, but Miss Bird has the great honor of being the first to undertake this humane work.

For full particulars write her at Stow, Mass. We were glad to consult with and help Miss Bird in starting and are glad to have frequently met and consulted with her since.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A KIND ACT.

We are glad to be notified that during the cold weather we have been having this winter, Mrs. H. B. Daniels, of Northampton, Mass., at times while the mercury was below zero provided warm blankets for a considerable number of poor working horses that very much needed them.

If the cattle on a thousand hills (and horses) are God's animals, perhaps at the day of final account she may find this giving of warm blankets to God's suffering animals has not been forgotten.

MULTI-MILLIONAIRES.

We have within a few days read the deaths of three multi-millionaires, neither of whom gives a single cent to charity.

Knowing as they do all the suffering in this world, both human and animal, the multi-millionaire who gives nothing to aid in relieving it deserves, in our judgment, the indignation of all humane men and women.

If we had our way, there should be inscribed on their tombstones: "We left — millions, but not one cent for charity."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, March, 1904.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month three hundred and fifty-five new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of fifty-seven thousand one hundred and sixty-seven.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

The issue of this paper has been delayed nearly a week by an unavoidable misfortune of its printer, which, we hope, may never occur again.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

At the February meeting of directors of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 17th ult., President Angell reported that the agents, during the past month, have examined 1,789 animals, taken 183 horses from work, and humanely killed 252 horses and other animals.

335 new "Bands of Mercy" have been formed during the month, making a total of 57,167.

"Bands" are now being formed in all the schools of Gloucester.

The two societies have received, during the past month, over thirty-seven hundred dollars.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

We have been glad to receive various applications for aid in passing the anti-docking bill through Congress. Mr. Martyn, Secretary of the Washington Society, and Mrs. ex-Senator Chandler of New Hampshire, tell us of its passage by the House and their hopes for the Senate.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

During the past month we have received subscriptions from various Massachusetts towns to put this paper in their schools; also an order for seven hundred copies of our publications from the West Virginia Humane Society.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

VIVISECTION.

Two prominent members of the Massachusetts Medical Society have recently assured us that they believe in no vivisection which causes pain to any animal.

PAID ADVERTISEMENTS.

We have been urged at various times, by advertising agents and others, to take paid advertisements, but have invariably refused, saying that we think there should be one paper in America which takes no paid advertisements.

OUR BOSTON SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.

We are glad to express (through this paper) our thanks to our Superintendent of Streets for promptly having sand put upon our icy streets in many places to which we have called his attention during the past winter.

We have at this moment before us a letter from a New York lady (enclosing a generous donation to our Society) because, as she writes, on a recent visit to Boston she was so much gratified to see the good work we were doing and trying to do for suffering horses.

THE REACH OF THIS PAPER.

We are glad to receive on February 29th, from a Michigan editor, a very delightful letter, speaking in the highest praise of our paper, and saying that he uses matter from it in about thirty other papers in the states of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, West Virginia, Kentucky and Minnesota, and that much good has resulted already from this circulation.

CITY OF MEXICO.

We are delighted to receive, on Feb. 29th, a letter from our good friend, Mrs. H. C. Reynolds, who has been at work in the City of Mexico, that she has succeeded in having organized there a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, of which Judge Sepulveda is the president, the wife of President Diaz is one of its leading members, the secretary of the minister of public instruction is chairman of the committee on humane education, and the director general of the schools of Mexico is also a member of the committee; that about fifty members attended its first meeting and several hundred dollars were contributed to aid its starting.

Mrs. Reynolds is to have charge of the Humane Department at the St. Louis Exposition and we have promised her some thousands of copies of "*Our Dumb Animals*," prepared expressly for distribution there.

THROUGH DEEP SNOW—INDIGNANT FARMERS PLIED THE LASH.

(From Cleveland Press of Jan. 30.)

SANDUSKY, O., Jan. 30.—(Spl.)—Hitched alongside a horse to a heavily-laden sled, Geo. Lavine was compelled to trudge two miles along the road between Port Clinton and Marblehead yesterday. When he faltered he was "touched up," and not gently, with his own horsewhip by four young men who rode on the sled. They had held him up, unhitched one of his horses and put him in its place.

Lavine is a farmer and lives two miles west of Marblehead. Yesterday he went to Port Clinton with a heavy sled to purchase supplies. Hitched to the sled were an old horse and a two-year-old colt, the latter a small animal and not strong.

At Port Clinton Lavine purchased a sledload of goods and started home. On the way the colt became exhausted, but was forced to pull at the heavy load by the liberal use of the whip.

When about two miles from home four young men observed the animal's distress and asked Lavine to stop long enough to give it a rest. He refused and again began plying the whip. The men again interceded for the animal, with the result that Lavine whipped harder than ever. Finally they took the driver from the seat, unhitched the colt, hitched Lavine in its place and forced him to help the other horse to haul the load home. Lavine balked at first, but the whip induced him to pull until he reached home.

This morning Lavine was arrested by Humane Officer Gill on the charge of cruelty to animals. He was taken before Mayor Eberwein, of Marblehead. A suspended sentence of 90 days in the workhouse has been hanging over Lavine for some months for a similar offence.

ABOUT HORSES.

Some years ago we were called upon by a deputation from one of our steeple-chasing, fox-hunting clubs.

The spokesman evidently thought that he knew a great deal more about horses than an old gentleman like myself, and did not know that long before he was born we were accustomed to ride every day one of the fastest horses in Vermont, and subsequently had a contract with a Boston stablekeeper to ride every evening, at a mere nominal price, any horse that needed exercise, without regard to whether it had or had not ever been ridden under the saddle before.

He told us of the great love he had for his horse.

We replied (1st) that if we should ever get evidence of the club undertaking to hunt a tame fox we should prosecute all hands to the extent of our ability, and (2d) that if we loved a horse as he claimed to love his—(saying nothing of our own legs and neck) we should be very unwilling to risk the legs and neck of our four-footed friend by compelling him to jump fences, ditches, stone walls and the like.

Vice-President Hill feeds the birds at our offices twice a day, and we feed them at our home windows twice a day.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over fifty-seven thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance Associations* and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed. Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

BURIAL OF THE SUPPOSED DEAD.

As our readers know, we have, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," sent a petition to the Legislature of every one of the United States asking them to enact laws requiring a careful and competent medical inspection previous to burial of all persons supposed to be dead, and have written the presidents of all Senates and speakers of all Houses of Representatives in regard to the same, and have caused copies of the petition and letters to be sent to the editors of all American newspapers and magazines north of Mexico, and have asked their assistance in regard to the same.

We would respectfully request suggestions in regard to the best form of law to be enacted by the various Legislatures.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



From the Boston Sunday Globe.)

A little boy brought a big, handsome Newfoundland dog to the Salem police station, one afternoon, to be killed, as the owner could not afford to pay the license. "Rover" was a great black fellow, so playful and affectionate that he tumbled all over the boy, and such a friendship existed between them that it touched the officer in charge of the station at the time.

The parting of the boy from his dog was very sad, and the officer asked the boy how long they had owned him, and he replied that he had known him ever since he was a baby, but the times were so hard his folks could not spare the money necessary to pay his license, and so he was obliged to bring him to the station to be killed. As the dog was locked in a cell and the little master took his leave, the dog whined and cried for him to come back, and could not understand why he should be so treated. The officer also felt badly, but there was nothing he could do except go into his pocket for the \$2, but he could not do that for he was poor, and had a dog of his own besides.

It was not long, however, before the hearts of the boy, the officer and dog were made glad, for the boy came running back to the station and said he had got the money. They could not bear to have Rover killed, and rather than submit to such a loss they would deprive themselves of some things and save the dog's life. When the cell door was opened the dog bounded out with joy, and romped around the station as though it were all a joke. He chased into the officers' room and picked up with his mouth the collar which had been taken off him, shaking it and tossing it up in play, little thinking how narrowly he escaped never wearing it again. The boy and dog had a great frolic and then both scampered home.

Practical Aunt—"Do you think you are qualified to become the wife of a poor man?"

Sweet Girl—"Oh, yes; it's all fixed. We are to live in a cottage, and I know how to make cottage pudding."

DOG SAVED THEIR LIVES.

BARKED UNTIL CHEST IN WHICH TWO BOYS WERE LOCKED WAS OPENED.

The remarkable intelligence of a dumb brute, which saved two lads of the west end from suffocating, has been brought to light.

Robert and Howard, two children of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Nash, 1103 West King Street, are the possessors of a small tan terrier. The children with the dog began playing policeman, and raising the lid of an old wood chest that sat behind the stove, called it the lockup. Howard was hustled inside, followed by Robert. The lid was dropped and snap went the rusty lock, and both lads were made prisoners. The little dog stood playfully outside awaiting the lid to raise, but instead screams followed. The lads beat against the box but no relief came. The dog seemed to realize the peril of the imprisoned boys and scratched and barked. The animal ran to a room in the front part of the house upstairs where Mrs. Nash was cleaning. The dog barked and barked. Mrs. Nash became provoked and chased the dog away. The animal again went to the box and set up an incessant bark. The mother began to think something wrong, went downstairs to where the dog was stationed. Then she realized her children were prisoners in the box. She broke the lock and when the lads were liberated they were partly unconscious.

York (Pa.) Gazette.

A SUNDAY DINNER PARTY.

There comes to our table this morning, Feb. 15th, in the *Pacific Monthly*, a picture of Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, who is described as a veteran duelist, and in this morning's paper a special despatch to the *Boston Herald* that this Ambassador and Countess Marguerite Cassini entertained at a dinner party yesterday, Sunday, at the Embassy, which included, among its guests, Miss Alice Roosevelt and her friends. It rather seems to us that the great war in which Russia is now engaged is hardly an appropriate time for the Russian Ambassador to give a Sunday dinner party.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face incriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhust, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 80 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

In past numbers of our paper we have said that various friends had given us donations to aid in gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which every one reads with pleasure, and having read, wants every one else to read. We are sorry to add that the fund given for its distribution is now exhausted, but to those who wish to buy it the price for our edition [which we sell at bare cost] is ten cents per copy, post-paid, and the cloth-bound edition we are kindly permitted by its author, Mrs. Carter, to sell at sixty cents, or post-paid seventy cents per copy.

"*The Humane Horse Book*," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdie or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition. If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
- (2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
- (3) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4) When grippie or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

HOW SHE FEEDS THE BIRDS.

All bird-lovers and thoughtful people should do something for the birds this hard winter. Deep snows and sleet storms have covered all the smaller bird's food, and most of the larger birds find scarcely anything.

I have a large flock of snow-buntings which have increased from twenty-five to nearly four hundred in the month that I have been feeding them.

I throw out from four to six quarts of cracked corn and whole oats each day, and they eat off and on from before sunrise till after sunset. Some of them stay till almost dark.

It is a good example to the young of the neighborhood, for many of the public school children go by every day to school and admire the sight.

I wish I had half a million dollars to send you towards the "Humane Building." *Humane Education is what country towns need, and lots of it.* I trust you may live to reach one hundred years or more, and retain all your faculties. If you raise money enough for the building let some one else have the trouble and anxiety of seeing it built, while you just look on once in a while. The fret and worry of such an undertaking would soon leave us without our beloved editor and educator.

Very respectfully,

ANNIE L. CLAPP.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

AN APPEAL FOR THE BIRDS.

Oh say, oh say, can you hear them,
In forest and field and lane,
The starving nestlings crying
While the parent birds are slain?
Can you see the nest deserted,
And the pretty eggs chilled o'er,
And hear all Nature mourning
For the birds that sing no more?

Oh say, oh say, can you see them,
The songbirds we love to hear,
Dying by hundreds and thousands,
Perishing year by year?
To the gaudy haunts of fashion
We may trace their plumage gay,
But their hearts that throb'd with music
Have ceased to beat for aye.

O songsters, beautiful songsters,
Ye come and sing no more.
Spring waits in vain for the carol
That welcom'd her coming of yore;
But beware! There is One who made them,
Our birds with their voices sweet,
And the cries of His dying songsters
Ascend to His mercy-seat!

MARGARET FRANCES MAURO.

(From Daily Kennebec Journal, Augusta, Me., Dec. 17, 1903.)

About two weeks ago Elwood Clifford of Winnegance lost a valuable beagle hound in the woods, and when several days passed and the dog did not return he advertised for him in the papers. One day last week the dog was found in the woods caught by one foot in a fox trap, where he had probably been for about ten days. The animal was in fairly good condition and apparently had not suffered a great deal from loss of food, and in fact from appearances he had evidently been fed during his confinement. The dog has always hunted a great deal with one of the same breed owned by George A. Merritt of Winnegance, and as that dog disappeared with bones quite frequently while Mr. Clifford's hound was absent it is thought by many that he knew his comrade was in the trap and carried him bones until he was rescued. The Merritt dog appeared at the Clifford home many times while the other was missing and howled dismally. It is now believed by those who know the circumstances that if the Merritt dog had been followed after one of these calls, that he would have led the way to where the dog was caught.

CASES OF CRUELTY INVESTIGATED.

Whole number of animals examined in the investigation of cases by our office agents in January, 1789; horses taken from work, 164; horses and other animals killed, 252.

THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I hereby offer twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

19 Milk St., Boston,
April, 1903.

5000 large cards for posting, containing the above notice, can be had at our offices without charge, and are sent through the State.



WON THE CROWN.

BY WILLIAM GASKELL.

Calmly, calmly, lay him down,
He hath fought the noble fight;
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won the unfading crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past,
Faithful toiled he to the last,
Faithful through unflinching years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,
Objects of aspiring youth,
Firm to age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it glowed with glorious might;
Filling clouded minds with light,
Making wounded spirits whole.

Dying, he can never die!
To the dust his dust we give;
In our hearts his heart shall live,
Moving, guiding, working aye.

From "The New Century Path,"
San Diego, Cal.

"THE PACIFIC MONTHLY."

We have many letters from newspapers and magazines expressing interest in our work. A few days since we wrote the *Pacific Monthly* of Portland, Oregon, for one of their beautiful pictures, and not only received it in due course of mail, but also that they would be glad to send us others, the letter closing: "With best wishes for your splendid work and our compliments to yourself, we are,

Truly yours, THE PACIFIC MONTHLY."

"Our Dumb Animals' ought to have a million subscribers."—*De Kalb (Ill.) Chronicle*.
"Should be in every home in the land."—*Honsdale (Pa.) Citizen*.

A TIMELY WARNING.

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific, three months ago, a flock of small birds about the size, shape and color of paroquets settled down in the rigging and passed an hour or more resting. The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors. At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course, and disappeared, but towards nightfall they came back and passed the night in the maintop. The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks picking up the crumbs. That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind the deck-house. The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard, no one knows; but on reaching port, two days later, the captain learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea. The birds left the vessel on the morning after the storm and were not seen again.—*Maryland Bulletin*.

In the barn-yard: Aesthetic Boarder to Old Lady—"Of course you know, my good lady, that the hen belongs to the gallinacea. Old Lady—"Not that hen, if you please! Some hens may belong to a gal in Asia, but these belongs to a gal in New Jersey."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

HALF AN APPLE.

A TRUE STORY.

One cold winter morning, about thirty years ago, a number of girls and boys were gathered around the stove in a school-room. They talked and laughed among themselves, paying little heed to a new scholar who stood apart from the rest. Now and then they cast side glances in her direction, or turned to stare rudely; but nobody spoke to her.

The little girl had never been to school before, and she began to feel shy and homesick. She wished she could run home to mother, and have a good cry in her loving arms. One little tear-drop trembled in her eye, and seemed ready to fall; but it never did, for just then something happened.

Suddenly the outer door flew open, and a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl rushed in. She brought plenty of the clear, frosty air with her, and she imparted a cheer to the school-room that it had not had before. She walked up to the stove quite as if she were at home, and, after saying good-morning to everybody, her eyes fell upon the new scholar.

"Good-morning!" she said sweetly, across the stove-pipe.

The little girl on the other side brightened up at once, though she answered somewhat timidly.

"Cold, is it not?" the new-comer went on, pulling off her mittens and holding her red hands over the stove. Then she sent one of the plump hands down to the depths of her pocket, and when it came out, it held a fine red apple. With her strong fingers she split it in two, and, with a smile, she passed half of it to the new scholar.

"Do you like apples?" she said.

The little girl did like apples very much, and she thought none had ever tasted half so nice as this, it was so juicy and crisp and tart.

"My name is Libby," said the owner of the bright eyes; "what is yours?"

"My name is Hetty," replied the other little girl.

"Well," said Libby, "do you want to sit with me? There is a vacant seat beside mine, and I know the teacher will let you."

Hetty thought she should like that plan very much, so the two little girls went off to find Libby's seat where they chatted happily till the bell rung.

"Where is Hetty Rowe?" asked the teacher; and then, before anybody had time to answer, she espied her seated next to merry-faced Libby. The teacher smiled, saying,—

"I see you are in good hands," and Hetty was allowed to keep the seat for many a day.

When Libby had grown to be a woman, she told me this story herself, and she used to say that it was her gift of half an apple that won for her so dear a friend as Hetty Rowe.

But I think that something besides the apple comforted that little heart on that cold morning, do you not think so?

A SENSIBLE LETTER.

A gentleman writes us a sensible letter of a conversation he recently held with a teamster, which shows clearly that when horses are overloaded it is usually more the fault of the employers than of the teamsters. We have no doubt this is in many cases true.

DO WE FEED THE SPARROWS?

Yes, we do feed the sparrows cold, snowy, winter days, and we intend to continue the practice. An attempt was made in our Massachusetts Legislature to make the feeding of sparrows a crime. We regret to say that we were the only one in the large committee room to plead for the sparrows. But we rejoice to say that the proposed law failed to pass.

In our encyclopædia, which sums up the experience of perhaps 1000 years, we find that sparrows eat during summer vast numbers of insects and their larvae, and that the destruction of sparrows in France was followed by an increase of caterpillars, vastly more injurious.

While millions of our beautiful song-birds are killed annually to be worn on bonnets and be eaten by colored people and poor whites at the South, and for fun by Rev. — Dixon of N. Y. City, and others at the North, we are thankful that one little bird is left us to purify our streets and cheer our hearts at all seasons of the year.

"And David said the man shall surely die because he had no pity."

BILLY AND I.

They say they are going to shoot you, Old Billy, but don't you fret, For the fellow who dares to meddle with you must reckon with me, you bet; You're a poor old horse, Old Billy, and you aren't worth much, it is true; But you've been a faithful friend to me, and I'll see you safely through.

Shoot Old Billy? I guess not, though you may be old and gray; By the self-same stretch of mercy they'll be shooting at me some day; For I'm three times older than you are, for I've reached three score and ten; And shooting isn't the thing to do to horses no more than men.

That's right, Old Billy, I like it—your muzzle against my face; We've had rattling times together, and once we won the race— Do you remember it, Billy, the dude that we downed that day? And the way he swore, that an old farm-horse should show his trotter the way!

I haven't much love for the fellows who follow the shooting plan; If they had more pity for horses and dogs, they'd have more love for man; And this world would be much nearer the glad millennium day If they'd just stop burning powder for good and fire their guns away.

Well, Billy, we're both great sinners, for we've both grown old, you know; And we've only a little further adown the road to go; So we'll fare along together till the Master calls us home To the happy Home-Land stables, and our feet forget to roam.

Yes, we've jogged along together for many and many a day, So we'll just keep on a-jogging to the ending of the way; And at last, when the shadows falling shall tell the time for rest, We will meet them, nothing fearing, for you know we've done our best.

Won't it be jolly, Old Comrade, in the pastures green and fair, To roll in the fragrant clover that must bloom forever there? You'll be there, Billy, I know it, for they'll surely let you in— I only wish my record on earth was a quarter as free from sin.

They tell us that horses have no souls, and they all declare it true; That shows how little they know, Old Boy, and it proves they don't know you; Well, well, 'tis a mighty question, and quite beyond my ken— But the more I know of horses like you, the less I brag about men.

Now, trot away to the pasture and hear the thrushes sing; And list to the children playing, and hear how their voices ring; See the white clouds drifting over, hear the cooling brooklet's flow— 'Tis a sweet, glad world, Old Billy, and we'll stay till we have to go.

Shoot Old Billy! By ginger! they better not try that on; For the man who draws a gun on you will wish he'd never been born; They say it will cost to keep you! all right, you have earned it fair; So don't you worry, old friend of mine, you shall have your honest share.

You've been a good horse, Old Fellow, steady and brave and true; You have given us faithful service—done all that a horse could do; You have earned your keep; you shall have it; so live as long as you can— For justice is justice, and right is right, whether it's horse or man.

J. S. CUTLER,
In Boston Evening Transcript.

BRAVE BOSSY.

THE COW SAVED HER CALF BY WHIPPING A GRIZZLY BEAR.

"Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand-to-hand conflict with a grizzly bear," said Michael Ayres, a Colorado stockman; "but several years ago one of my cows killed one of those animals and came out of the struggle without a scratch. The cow had recently given birth to a calf. It being her first born, the mother was exceedingly vicious, and it was unsafe for a stranger to approach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattle-shed had a thatched roof, and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from the house.

"One night a bear, having smelt the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear, and held herself in readiness to receive the intruder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and grabbing a lantern I rushed from the house, and opening the shed door found the cow in a frantic state, butting and tossing to and fro some large object, which evidently had lost all power of resistance. It turned out to be a good-sized grizzly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and seemed unmindful of the maternal struggle. I suppose that as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horns before it had time to do any damage.

OUR AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

It is not often that one has the opportunity to get for nothing a book that has already had a circulation of over 100,000 copies, but such is the case. Angell's Autobiographical Recollections may be obtained free of charge by writing Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.—*American Shipbuilder*, New York, Jan. 18, 1900.

From Hartford (Kent.) Herald.

DOG PREVENTED A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

[Special Dispatch to the Enquirer.]

LAWRENCEBERG, IND., Dec. 9.—The almost human intelligence of a shepherd dog to-day saved two persons from serious if not fatal injuries or instant death.

Harry Hayes, a Homestead (Ind.) merchant, and Enoch Guard, a young farmer, drove into town this morning. As they neared the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railway a passenger train approached unnoticed by the occupants of the wagon. Hayes' dog Shep was running several yards ahead of the wagon and espied the approaching train.

Seeming instantly to comprehend the danger the dog turned back, barking furiously, and, springing into the face of the horse, stopped it within a few feet of the train. When the danger was past the dog leaped about the wagon, barking joyously.

More flesh can be whipped off a horse in one day than can be fed on in a week.

FINDING HIS MATE.

One day, driving the missing horse's mate, he went to a stable where horses were sold at auction. As he was driving up to it, but still some distance away, his horse grew uneasy and gave a loud whinny, which a moment after was answered by a whinny from the stable. "My horse is in that stable!" exclaimed the man. He got out of his wagon, went in, and there to be sure was his stolen horse. The animals seemed overjoyed to meet each other, whinnied back and forth, rubbed each other's necks, and indulged in all the demonstrations of equine affection. Now, how do you suppose the horse outside knew that his mate was inside that stable? Was it scent, or instinct finer than that with which human beings are endowed? We cannot tell.—*Christian Register*.

HOW MUCH MONEY DO YOU WANT FOR THE WORK OF YOUR "AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY?"

Answer. There is no limit.

By the universal endorsement of thousands of American newspapers and magazines, including those of largest circulation and highest literary standing, and by tens of thousands of letters received by me from persons of all ages and conditions of life, residing in different countries, the fact is established beyond all question that no book has ever appeared in the world more likely to be read by both Christian and other nations, and win them to a broad and practical Christianity, which shall include kindness to God's lower creatures, than the little volume written by Anna Sewall, of England, of which we have printed and caused to be printed already more than three millions copies, in our own and various European and Asiatic languages.

I would like to gratuitously distribute a million copies of that book in our own country, and particularly in our Southern and Western states and territories.

I would like to distribute another million copies among the Spanish-speaking nations of Mexico and Central and South America.

I would like to send *Our Dumb Animals*, which now goes to about twenty thousand American editors monthly, into five hundred thousand American school-rooms monthly.

I need not mention our various other humane publications, some of which are already adopted in the public schools of places as far distant as New Zealand, or say how glad I should be to send missionaries into every state and territory to form "*Humane Societies*" and "*Bands of Mercy*," of which we have already formed nearly sixty thousand. I have written enough to answer the question, "How much money do you want for your '*American Humane Education Society*,'" which is the first society of its kind in the world, "and what do you want to do with it?"

The objects of our Society, as our readers know, are: 1st, to humanely educate the American people; and, 2d, to aid in humanely educating the world.

The mottoes on our seal tell the whole story of what we are working for: "*Glory to God*," "*Peace on Earth*," "*Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to Every Living Creature*."

If our income could be made equal to that of some of our denominational missionary societies we could accomplish all the things above stated, and many more equally important.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IN THE "HOME BEE" OF PLATT CO., MO.

In the above-named paper we find one of the best editorial commendations of our humane work.

The editor says we do not ride in a carriage drawn by a docked horse; that we always patronize carriages that have the best horses and usually pay the driver something extra for his kindness to the animals; that we do not think it well to drive a horse to town and leave him exposed half a day uncovered in the storm; that we believe a man's religion will show best with his home and his animals, and that if humanity were rightly taught in all our homes, churches, schools, colleges, and business life, we should have a grand citizenship and a great and just government which would win the world's admiration and praise, and do much to promote civilization and humanity in all nations.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



THE BARN YARD IN MARCH.

HOW TO PREVENT A COW FROM MOURNING FOR HER CALF, WHEN IT IS TAKEN AWAY FROM HER.

As an Irishman would say,—"By niver giving it to her!"

During a recent sojourn of four years in Scotland, being frequently invited by "Jeanie," the dairy-maid, to come to the stable at milking time, I became well acquainted with "Primrose," "Buttercup," and "Daisy;" and on one occasion I noticed a very young calf (belonging to them), in a "loose box" at the end of the stable, and remarked to Jeanie that I was surprised to see her milking the cow when the calf was so young! That at home, in America, we always let the calf have all the milk for a week or more, and then fed it with skimmed milk warmed, etc. But "Jeanie" smiled and said: "We never let them draw the milk at all, in Scotland. As soon as the calf is born it is put in the 'loose box,' with plenty of hay or straw bedding, and fed with all of its mother's milk, while 'warm from the cow.'" This is kept up for some time (I do not remember just how long) and then the calf is fed with skimmed milk, warmed and thickened with oatmeal, or other ground food.

And when the time comes to take away the calf, there is no distress on the part of either cow or calf, by means of this simple and excellent plan.

LUCY F. FAWCETT.

Alexandria, Va.

[Will some of our readers tell us why the above may not be adopted as the universal practice in this country?]—EDITOR.

CAIRO, EGYPT.

On this February 27th we receive an interesting letter from a friend stopping at Cairo, Egypt, enclosing a check of one hundred dollars for our "*American Humane Education Society*," and suggesting whether the rowdism which is becoming so common in our American colleges and higher schools is not the result, largely, of the experiments now taught in those colleges and schools on helpless animals.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

THE GRIPPE.

Some months ago we spoke of the effect of sulphur as a preventive of grippé. We take the following from *The Canadian Journal of Fabrics*:

George T. Angell, President of the American Humane Education Society, has ascertained that in a match factory near Boston, not one of the sixty hands employed there had ever had the grippé, though they included old and young and male and female. The inference is that sulphur will prove a specific for this complaint. He recommends that a little powdered sulphur be placed in the stockings and an occasional teaspoonful of the old dose composed of a mixture of sulphur, cream of tartar and molasses be given. Considering the ravages of grippé during the past three years the subject is well worth investigating. Some time ago we referred to the fact that none of the employees in a certain dye-house in Scotland had ever had the grippé, and it may possibly be that the use of sulphur or sulphuric acid accounted for the immunity.

TELL HIM SO.

If you have a word of cheer
That may light the pathway drear
Of a brother pilgrim here,
Let him know.

Show him you appreciate
What he does; and do not wait
Till the heavy hand of Fate
Lays him low.

If your heart contains a thought
That will brighter make his lot,
Then in mercy hide it not;
Tell him so.

Wait not till your friend is dead
Ere your compliments are said;
For the spirit that has fled,
If it know,

Does not need to speed it on
Our poor praise; where it has gone
Love's eternal, golden dawn
Is aglow.

But unto our brother here
That poor praise is very dear;
If you've any word of cheer
Tell him so.

Good Health.

HAS IT PAID?

Has it paid for our two Humane Societies to make such a vast distribution of humane literature gratuitously and at less than cost?

Has it paid to supply each month all the editors, clergy, lawyers, doctors, school superintendents and postmasters of Massachusetts, and thousands of police, drivers and others, with "Our Dumb Animals" without charge?

Has it paid to supply every month the editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in North America north of Mexico, with "Our Dumb Animals" without charge?

Has it paid to employ missionaries and organize or cause to be organized nearly sixty thousand branches, with over two millions members, of the "American Band of Mercy" formed in our offices a little over twenty years ago?

Has it paid to furnish these "Bands of Mercy" with outfits of humane literature, and each Band with a copy of "Our Dumb Animals" for one year without charge?

Has it paid to send out and cause to be sent out over the civilized world in various languages over three millions copies of "Black Beauty," perhaps the best missionary of humanity to God's lower creatures that has ever appeared in this world, and one of the best teachers to human beings of peace, temperance and nearly all the Christian virtues?

Has it paid to offer large prizes for the humane stories we are now publishing, and some of which we have sent, without charge, to the editors of all American publications in every city and nearly every town north of Mexico?

Has it paid for us to print in a single year about one hundred and seventeen millions and eighty thousand pages of humane literature, an amount perhaps exceeding all printed in similar time by all other of our Humane Societies throughout the entire world combined?

To these questions tens of thousands of humane editorials and republications of our humane articles in American papers answer, *Yes.*

More than a hundred thousand letters from humane and Christian men and women received at our offices answer, *Yes.*

The large donations which have come to our two Societies from unexpected sources in our own and other and distant States to help on our great work answer, *Yes.*

If the Supreme Being who rules the universe in His infinite wisdom has determined the time has come for the dawning of that better age sung by poets and foretold by prophets—the age of peace on earth and good will to all—then perhaps He will move His children to give us a hundred times the power we now have to go out into all the world and preach the gospel of kindness to every creature. GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR COLLEGES.

Practically the entire senior class of Armour Institute, Chicago, was suspended for riotous conduct at an elevated railroad station and on an elevated train.—*New York Tribune.*

SIoux CITY, IA., Jan. 22.—During a color rush between freshmen and sophomores of Morningside college a live rooster decked in class colors was torn to pieces. The faculty and the humane society have started an investigation and suspensions may follow.

[These are but two of many received recently.]

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

In winter feed the birds.

Moving don't forget your cat.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.

Do not let your cats or dogs disturb the sleep of your sick or well neighbors.

Kind words, a gentle voice and a little petting will accomplish vastly more than any amount of yelling.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

WAR TACTICS AMONG BIRDS.

By A. S. WILTSE IN "PETS AND ANIMALS."

I think the following incidents, for the truth of which I can vouch, are strongly in favor of the theory that birds, at least, have a fair share of the reasoning faculty, and that different tribes understand each others' languages.

A friend of mine, a studious and very observant ornithologist, one morning heard a great outcry among a colony of four barn swallows, which had built nests under the eaves of his house. Hastening thither he found that a large grey cat had managed to get upon the box-cornice of the house, and from this perch was making desperate reaches toward the nests.

The poor swallows seemed panic stricken, although they were using wings and beaks to the extent of their poor ability. My friend shouted to the cat, and succeeded in making it cease active hostilities for the time. Immediately the birds gathered upon the ridge-pole and chattered energetically for a few moments, then one of them flew away in the direction of a place about half a mile from the house, where was a large colony of the same species.

My friend very wisely sat down to watch for results, as well as to keep the cat at bay. In a few minutes back came the messenger, and with him a large reinforcement of the allies. All alighted upon the ridge-pole, and chattered for a few minutes, an occasional small detail reconnoitering the situation. Then all rose to a considerable height and began circling about the enemy, then, descending, began to so belabor it with their beaks as they passed that the cat soon beat an inglorious retreat.

There was now another gathering upon the ridge-pole with more chattering, then the allies "marched" back to their own quarters, and our one-time beleaguered friends resumed their domestic affairs in peace and tranquility.

TAKE TWO CHAIRS.

Little George—"Papa, why do they say the pen is more powerful than the sword?"

Papa—"Because you cannot sign checks with a sword, my dear."—*Revue Anecdote.*

The above reminds us that it is said that no continental nation of Europe can go to war without first consulting the Rothschilds, also of another anecdote.

A Royal prince calling one day upon the head of the Rothschilds found him busy with another person, and Mr. R.—requested him to take a chair. "I am the Prince of—" was the haughty reply.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. R.; "take two chairs!"

LILY'S ADVENTURE.

HER EXPERIENCE AS A "LAPLANDER"—A SENSIBLE CAT.

The snow fell thickly, and in the morning there was nothing but white to be seen. Two days passed; more snow came, but then the weather cleared; and Lily, putting on her thickest boots and warmest clothes, went into the garden with her brothers to make "the biggest snowball that ever was seen." Of course Tim, the cat, looked on. *Nothing can be done unless Tim has a share in the fun of this happy family.* Perhaps as it turned out, it was a good thing that Tim was looking on.

The children kept rolling the snow about until the ball had got much bigger than Lily herself. They were scooping it out in the middle to make it into a house when dinner-time came, and the children went indoors with such red hands and faces, and looking as well as possible.

After dinner the boys went out walking. Lily kept quite quiet for a little while thinking. Soon she crept down stairs, and out into the garden to see her big snowball, and to play at being a Laplander. She had heard that Laplanders lived in cold countries in snow houses; so she was a "Lap." She dug out more snow, until the hole was large enough here to get in and sit comfortably down. Lily was very hot as she crept in and piled the snow by degrees in front of her; her gloves got very wet, and her hands burned when she struck them together. At last she got drowsy and fell asleep.

Tea-time came. "Where is Miss Lily?" asked nurse. No one could tell. No one had seen her since dinner, except the parlor-maid, who said: "Perhaps she is in the garden." The nurse looked out. It was then getting dark. She put on her rubbers and walked all round the garden seeking Lily. She looked at the snowball. No Lily was there; she could see nothing but the snow mass. Then she became frightened; where could Lily be? There were no marks in the snow to show that she had gone out into the road. Perhaps she had gone with her brothers to see the sliders on the common.

Five o'clock. No Lily. Now it was dark. Father and mother would be home soon. The nurse, cook, and parlor-maid searched all over the house—up stairs, down stairs. But no Lily. As they were searching, a ring came at the door. Father and mother had come home. In a few minutes the two boys came in, but without Lily.

Their mother at once noticed the pale and frightened face of the parlor-maid, but said nothing until she reached the nursery, when she saw the nurse just as frightened, and even paler.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Smith. "Is anything wrong? You and Fanny are both looking as frightened as if there had been thieves in the house. What has happened? Speak!"

"O, ma'am, Miss Lily—is—lost!"

"Lost!" screamed Mrs. Smith. "Lost, and you sit here quietly? Have you searched? Where was she lost?"

The poor mother's alarm and distress were terrible to see. She was so fond of all of her children that she was nearly distracted; she rushed into every room, dashing the cupboards and presses open, and unlocking the trunks; she looked into the cistern, into a great sofa box in the bedroom, under all the beds.

Willie and Ernst also searched. Mr. Smith went off to the police station to describe the little girl and to inquire. Poor little Lily was lost—perhaps dead, and no one could think where the child had got to! The garden was searched with lanterns; and when the boys with their father were looking around for the last time, up came Tim, the cat, and mewed.

"I believe Tim misses Lily," said Ernst.

Tim mewed again, turned around, walked down the garden and made a dreadful noise.

Then, to the astonishment of all, the cat leaped on the big snowball and scratched at it.

"I do believe Lily's buried in the snow, father," cried Willie. "Come along, let's see."

Mr. Smith said nothing, but with a tremendous shove turned the ball over. The boys clutched it, and there in the center lay Lily—insensible or asleep, but alive certainly.

Tim mewed and raced into the house in front of Mr. Smith who, with his little girl in his arms, came running into the kitchen. The cook screamed. Mrs. Smith came rushing down when the boys cried: "Lily's found!"

The doctor came, and poor Lily was in bed with terrible chilblains for many days; but she never was really ill.

But they were so glad to find her that no one scolded her. Tim was praised for being so sensible, and he purred his thanks. But if Lily had not been kind to him she might never have been found.

"I fell asleep," she said, "and I remember no more. I pretended to be a Laplander. I never heard any one call me."

And so ended Lily's strange adventure and the story of the "biggest snowball that ever was seen."

Chicago Advance.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|---|
| 56590 Providence, R. I. Helpful Band.
P., Cora G. Crapon. | 56633 River Point, R. I. Be Kind to All Band.
P., Annie A. B. Carroll. | 56679 Sunshine Band.
P., B. L. Lyons. | 56724 No. 12 Band.
P., Miss Tietze. | 56778 No. 12 Band.
P., Miss Montgomery. |
| 56591 Golden Rule Followers Band.
P., J. E. Graves. | 56634 Kind Deeds Band.
P., Jennie M. Westcott. | 56680 Longfellow Band.
P., C. M. Bradford. | 56725 No. 13 Band.
P., Miss Connelly. | 56779 No. 13 Band.
P., Mrs. Fyke. |
| 56592 Protective League Band.
P., Marie C. Hollen. | 56635 Golden Rule Band.
P., Jean M. M. Deering. | 56681 Whittier Band.
P., Mary C. Wheeler. | 56726 No. 14 Band.
P., Miss Listeman. | 56780 No. 14 Band.
P., Miss Groillim. |
| 56593 Good Samaritan Band.
P., E. P. Froberg. | 56636 Providence, R. I. Bourn St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Lucy A. Metcalf. | 56682 Somerset St. School. Loyal Friends of Dumb Animals Band.
P., Geraldine M. Kilkenny. | 56727 No. 15 Band.
P., Miss Robinson. | 56781 Longfellow School. No. 1 Band.
P., D. Walter Potts. |
| 56594 Thoughtful Band.
P., C. A. Delaney. | 56637 Sunshine Band.
P., Maude Abbott Mills. paugh. | 56683 Golden Rule Band.
P., Grace H. Bradford. | 56728 No. 16 Band.
P., Miss Stief. | 56782 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Kimmel. |
| 56595 Kind Deeds Band.
P., Grace E. Inman. | 56638 Willing Workers Band.
P., Rachel E. Walker. | 56684 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Winifred A. Dailey. | 56729 No. 17 Band.
P., Miss Carpenter. | 56783 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Carter. |
| 56596 Kind Helpers Band.
P., M. E. Armstrong. | 56639 Earnest Happy Workers Band.
P., Mary J. Quinn. | 56685 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals Band.
P., Millie J. Hartley. | 56730 No. 18 Band.
P., Miss Roy. | 56784 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Shoupe. |
| 56597 Peace Street Grammar School.
Peace St. Humane Soc., Div. 1. | 56640 State House and School. Golden Rule Band, Div. 1.
P., Caroline E. Robinson. | 56686 Chester Ave. School. Cheerful Workers Band.
P., Elizabeth L. Towne. | 56731 No. 19 Band.
P., Miss Bell. | 56785 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Purnell. |
| 56598 Protectors of the Helpless Band.
P., C. Blundell. | 56641 Golden Rule Band, Div. 2.
P., Isabella J. Armstrong. | 56687 Sunshine Band.
P., Rosa Martin. | 56732 No. 20 Band.
P., Miss Fitzgerald. | 56786 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Hollister. |
| 56599 Peace St. Humane Soc., Div. 2. | 56642 Golden Rule Band, Div. 3.
P., Minnie E. Russell. | 56688 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Minnie Sayles. | 56733 No. 21 Band.
P., Miss Tietze. | 56787 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Burroughs. |
| 56600 Thoughtful Workers Bd.
P., C. Blundell. | 56643 Central Falls, R. I. Hunt St. School.
Kind Helpers Band.
P., Bessie E. Wilmarth. | 56689 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Lucy L. Blanchard and E. M. Angell. | 56734 Franklin School. No. 1 Band.
P., Bernard Guithries. | 56788 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Cunningham. |
| 56601 Defenders of the Helpless Band.
P., Anna L. Bliven. | 56644 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Anna Earle. | 56690 Washington, D. C. Hayes School.
Little Sunbeams Band.
P., Miss A. B. Carr. | 56735 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Maloney. | 56789 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Irons. |
| 56602 United Protectors Band.
P., M. G. Curtis. | 56645 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mary C. Salmadge. | 56691 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss A. B. Carr. | 56736 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Kenney. | 56790 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Thomas. |
| 56603 Helpers of the Helpless Band.
P., M. Florence Brown. | 56646 Helly Ave. School. Kind Helpers Band.
P., Elizabeth Hicks. | 56692 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Claudia Graham. | 56737 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Cantillon. | 56791 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Beck with. |
| 56604 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Amy P. Sheldon. | 56647 Little Helpers Band.
P., Grace M. Parks. | 56693 Tyler School. Snowbird Band.
P., Miss Nannie Davis. | 56738 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Boyle. | 56792 No. 12 Band.
P., Miss Marshall. |
| 56605 Loyal Friends Band.
P., Emma F. Farrell. | 56648 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mary E. A. Campbell. | 56694 Sparrow Band.
P., Miss Clara H. Burroughs. | 56739 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Querny. | 56793 No. 13 Band.
P., Miss Burke. |
| 56606 Golden Rule Advocate Band.
P., Ruth F. Wright. | 56649 Sunshine Band.
P., Agnes M. Bacon. | 56695 Webster School. Christmas Band.
P., Miss Jane Brault. | 56740 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Hess. | 56794 No. 14 Band.
P., Miss Cannady. |
| 56607 Victorious Band.
P., Katharine M. A. Brennan. | 56650 Dexter St. School. Kind Helpers Band, Div. 1.
P., Eleanor V. Asquith. | 56696 Snowbird Band.
P., Miss Nannie Davis. | 56741 No. 8 Band.
P., Mrs. Deobald. | 56795 Emerson School. No. 1 Band.
P., F. F. Sams. |
| 56608 Golden Rule Band.
P., Amy L. Arnold. | 56651 Kind Helpers Band, Div. 2.
P., Anna D. O'Brien. | 56697 Eckington School. Sparrow Band.
P., Miss Elma Lamb. | 56742 No. 9 Band.
P., Mrs. McGrath. | 56796 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Shone. |
| 56609 Vineyard St. School. Vineyard St. Humane Soc., Div. 1 Band. | 56652 Sunshine Band.
P., Louise F. Fitzsimmons. | 56698 Kindergarten Band.
P., Miss Frances A. Paine. | 56743 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Flynn. | 56797 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Gillis. |
| 56610 Vineyard St. Humane Soc., Div. 2 Band. | 56653 Willing Workers Band.
P., S. A. Cowperthwaite. | 56699 Abbott School. Little Protectors Band.
P., Miss Neal. | 56744 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Edleman. | 56798 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Brew. |
| 56611 Protectors of the Helpless Band.
P., A. R. Barbour. | 56654 Golden Rule Band.
P., S. E. Goldsmith. | 56700 Richmond, Mo. Richmond Band.
P., Master Cecil Parsons. | 56745 No. 12 Band.
P., Miss Ramey. | 56799 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Scott. |
| 56612 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., J. A. Smith. | 56655 Providence, R. I. Greeley St. School. Golden Rule Band.
P., Mary L. Cawley. | 56701 Columbus Grove, Ohio. M. S. P. C. A. Band.
P., Miss Stella Holmes. | 56746 No. 13 Band.
P., Miss Leithner. | 56800 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Huston. |
| 56613 Golden Rule Band.
P., S. E. Peckham. | 56656 Kindness Band.
P., Susan G. Leyden. | 56702 Edgewood, Iowa. Edgewood Band.
P., Leona Ross. | 56747 Washington School. No. 1 Band.
P., Chas. Cannady. | 56801 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Heeley. |
| 56614 Thoughtful Workers Bd.
P., E. T. Padden. | 56657 Willing Workers Band.
P., Catherine A. Riordan. | 56703 Cambridge City, Ind. Presbyterian Band.
P., Minnie Marble. | 56748 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Reither. | 56802 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Donard. |
| 56615 Good Samaritan Band.
P., H. M. Amy. | 56658 Be Kind to All Band.
P., Grace M. Neal. | 56704 Richmond, Pa. Richmond Band.
P., Ira Miller. | 56749 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Sawyer. | 56803 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Whitney. |
| 56616 The Helpers Band.
P., Edith M. Ellingwood. | 56659 I'll Try Band.
P., Alice R. Collins. | 56705 Wadleigh School. Div. 1 Band.
P., L. J. West. | 56750 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Ash. | 56804 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Loashy. |
| 56617 River Point, R. I. Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Agnes M. McGuire. | 56660 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Catherine V. Keogh. | 56706 Div. 2 Band.
P., S. J. W. Brown. | 56751 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Dambach. | 56805 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Hill. |
| 56618 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Anita G. Gillies. | 56661 Kind Boys & Girls Band.
P., Mary E. McCaffrey. | 56707 Div. 3 Band.
P., E. G. Richardson. | 56752 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Le Grand. | 56806 Second St. School. No. 1 Band.
P., Ada Rannels. |
| 56619 Be Kind to All Band.
P., Mary C. Duffy. | 56662 Little Helpers Band.
P., Alice L. Mahy. | 56708 Div. 4 Band.
P., A. B. Stott. | 56753 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Bridges. | 56807 No. 2 Band.
P., Olivia James. |
| 56620 Golden Rule Band.
P., Emma E. Greene. | 56663 Ring St. School. Golden Rule Band.
P., E. C. Bradley. | 56709 Div. 5 Band.
P., J. M. Chandler. | 56754 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Robinson. | 56808 No. 3 Band.
P., Mae E. Young. |
| 56621 Phenix, R. I. Helpers of the Helpless Band.
P., Bertha R. Kent. | 56664 Sunshine Band.
P., Mary C. Dunn. | 56710 Div. 6 Band.
P., M. J. Hills. | 56755 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Robbins. | 56809 Douglas School. No. 1 Band.
P., Julia Buckley. |
| 56622 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Ruth Williams Hills. | 56665 Good Childrens Band.
P., Margaret M. Colton. | 56711 Div. 7 Band.
P., B. L. Berry. | 56756 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Parker. | 56810 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Williams. |
| 56623 Protectors of the Helpless Band.
P., Julian L. Noyes. | 56666 Little Helpers Band.
P., Annie L. Preston. | 56712 Div. 8 Band.
P., A. T. O'Sullivan. | 56757 Irving School. No. 1 Band.
P., I. H. Todd. | 56811 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Flaherty. |
| 56624 Providence, R. I. Defenders Band.
P., M. C. S. Devereaux. | 56667 Grove St. School. Golden Rule Band.
P., L. O'Keefe. | 56713 East St. Louis, Ill. Webster School. No. 1 Band.
P., W. G. Padfield. | 56758 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Roberts. | 56812 New Haven, Conn. Loyal Band of the Howard Ave. M. E. Church.
P., Mrs. F. H. Shepard. |
| 56625 Loyal Protectors Band.
P., Charlotte E. Coffrey. | 56668 Kindness Band.
P., M. A. McGrath. | 56714 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Conway. | 56759 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Roorback. | 56813 Lennox, So. Dak. Lennox School Band.
P., Mrs. O. P. Ashley. |
| 56626 Wide Awake Band.
P., Emily W. Cushman. | 56669 Obedient Band.
P., M. L. Hamill. | 56715 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Sullivan. | 56760 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Jarvis. | 56814 Jonesboro, Tenn. Jonesboro School Band.
P., Miss Lena Anderson. |
| 56627 Lookout Band.
P., Louise F. Donahue. | 56670 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Catherine Halliwell. | 56716 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Grainery. | 56761 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Foulon. | 56815 Mt. Vernon, So. Dak. Sunshine Band.
P., Violet Hatch. |
| 56628 Protectors of the Helpless Band.
P., Estelle A. Barker. | 56671 Thoughtful Band.
P., G. L. Huntington. | 56717 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Roberson. | 56762 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Kehoe. | 56816 Port Deposit, Md. Jacob Tome Band.
P., Grace Holm. |
| 56629 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Alice B. Mann. | 56672 Cheerful Band.
P., Ellen A. McGuirk. | 56718 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss McCasland. | 56763 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Schloerer. | 56817 Rockaway Beach, L. I. Rockaway Beach Band.
P., D. J. Gillespie. |
| 56630 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals Band.
P., Estelle C. Batchelder. | 56673 Kind Hearts Band.
P., Stella B. Healey. | 56719 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss McGrothe. | 56764 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Kelley. | 56818 Salisbury, Mass. Hawatha Band.
P., M. Alice George. |
| 56631 Loyal Helpers Band.
P., Helen H. Huntsman. | 56674a Good Samaritan Band.
P., Jennie F. McKenna. | 56720 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Ryan. | 56765 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Joergensen. | 56819 Prescott, Mass. Prescott Band, Div. 6.
P., Miss W. D. Davis. |
| 56632 Golden Rule Band.
P., A. H. Stockbridge. | 56674b Albany St. School. Golden Rule Band.
P., Lena D. Sheldon. | 56721 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Wiggins. | 56766 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Baker. | 56820 New Glasgow, N. S. New Glasgow Band.
P., Miss Murry. |
| | 56675 Kind Hearts Band.
P., Julia A. Waterman. | 56722 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Donnelly. | 56767 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss German. | 56821 Pittsburg, Pa. Lincoln Band.
P., Lois H. Whitmarsh. |
| | 56676 Sunshine Band.
P., Florence L. Cowdrey. | 56723 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Polson. | 56768 No. 12 Band.
P., Miss Jepson. | 56822 Janesville, Wis. Helmstreet Band.
P., Maude Sherman. |
| | 56677 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Julia Pepper. | | 56769 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Edwards. | 56823 Fletcher Band.
P., Ethel Fletcher. |
| | 56678 Friendship St. School. Friendly Band.
P., Eudora E. Joslin. | | 56770 No. 4 Band.
P., Mrs. Morrison. | 56824 Woods Band.
P., Miss Patterson. |

- 56825 *Delaware, Ohio.*
Golden Rule Band.
P., Matilda Banner.
- 56826 King's Daughters Band.
P., Anna Truchwald.
- 56827 Helping Hand Band.
P., Priscilla Fitzsimmons.
- 56828 Cheerful Workers Band.
P., Minnie Shull.
- 56829 Wide Awake Band.
P., Sylvia Harris.
- 56830 Ever Ready Band.
P., Emma Yocums.
- 56831 The Willing Club Band.
P., Ella Snyder.
- 56832 *Shady Side P. O., Md.*
Oriole Band.
P., Mrs. Louise Talmage.
- 56833 *Glendora, Cal.*
Glendora Band.
P., Miss Edith Harshberger.
- 56834 *Binghamton, N. Y.*
First Presb. Church Band.
P., Mr. R. C. Tupper.
- 56835 *Mineral Wells, Texas.*
Third Church Band.
P., Master Gordon Whitley.
- 56836 *Christiana, Pa.*
Willing Workers Band.
P., Wilmer Robinson.
- 56837 *Nixburg, Ala.*
Young Peoples Band.
P., Miss Elizabeth Durgun.
- 56838 *Jersey City, N. J.*
Jr. Band, Summit Ave. Bapt. Church.
P., Harry Taylor.
- 56839 *Danbury, Conn.*
First Cong. Jr. C. E. Band.
P., Miss Sara Alexander.
- 56840 *Easton, Md.*
Easton Kind Heart Band.
P., Benjamin Parlett, Jr.
- 56841 *Fitchburg, Mass.*
Rollstone Jr. C. E. Band.
P., Miss Elzo C. Morroe.
- 56842 *Jewett, Wis.*
Helpers of the Helpless Bd.
P., Lola Whittenore.
- 56843 *Washington, D. C.*
Wheatley School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss M. B. Pearson.
- 56844 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss M. E. Barron.
- 56845 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss F. B. Slater.
- 56846 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss D. C. Alwine.
- 56847 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss J. G. Fernald.
- 56848 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss E. Weedon.
- 56849 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss F. M. Dawden.
- 56850 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss L. M. Lind.
- 56851 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss A. M. Naler.
- 56852 Arthur School.
Santa Claus Band.
P., Miss Jane G. Lockwood.
- 56853 Christmas Band.
P., Miss Emma B. Jones.
- 56854 Morse School.
Little Stars Band.
P., Miss Bettes.
- 56855 Violet Band.
P., Miss Follin.
- 56856 Webb School.
Animals Friends Band.
P., Miss Lida R. Tompkins.
- 56857 Bird Lovers Band.
P., Miss Mary E. Beadle.
- 56858 Taylor School.
Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Anna Belle McIntosh.
- 56859 Little Protectors Band.
P., Miss E. A. Caspair.
- 56860 Blair School.
Bluebird Band.
P., Miss Bethune.
- 56861 Franklin School.
Animals Friends Band.
P., Miss Rose Hardy.
- 56862 Seaton School.
Bird Protectors Band.
P., Miss Bartlett.
- 56863 Emery School.
Bluebird Band.
P., Miss Elsie J. Barnes.
- 56864 Snowbird Band.
P., Miss F. D. Rosendale.
- 56865 Robin Band.
P., Miss G. E. Vance.
- 56866 Pierce School.
Little Defenders Band.
P., Miss Hildur C. Bostrom.
- 56867 Snowbird Band.
P., Miss Laura Irvine.
- 56868 Madison School.
Animals Friends Band.
P., Miss Margaret.
- 56869 Bluet Band.
P., Miss Ellmar Wells.
- 56870 *East St. Louis, Ill.*
High School.
No. 1 Band.
P., John Richeson.
- 56871 No. 2 Band.
P., Chas. L. Manners.
- 56872 No. 3 Band.
P., J. J. McGlynn.
- 56873 No. 4 Band.
P., S. G. Cook.
- 56874 No. 5 Band.
P., Lotta L. Weber.
- 56875 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Coulter.
- 56876 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Rogers.
- 56877 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Clark.
- 56878 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Wallis.
- 56879 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Gaskell.
- 56880 No. 11 Band.
P., W. R. Tuttle.
- 56881 No. 12 Band.
P., E. C. Chamberlin.
- 56882 No. 13 Band.
P., H. M. Maul.
- 56883 No. 14 Band.
P., Miss Seymour.
- 56884 Grammar School.
No. 1 Band.
P., T. J. McDonough.
- 56885 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Bean.
- 56886 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Leneseche.
- 56887 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Davis.
- 56888 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Scott.
- 56889 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Buchanan.
- 56890 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Leber.
- 56891 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Simpson.
- 56892 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Roe.
- 56893 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Hewitt.
- 56894 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Tabb.
- 56895 No. 12 Band.
P., Mrs. Vincent.
- 56896 No. 13 Band.
P., Miss Milk.
- 56897 *Bellefonte, Ill.*
Central School.
No. 1 Band.
P., George H. Busick.
- 56898 No. 2 Band.
P., Henry W. Brua.
- 56899 No. 3 Band.
P., W. A. Hough.
- 56900 No. 4 Band.
P., W. J. Hanson.
- 56901 No. 5 Band.
P., J. F. Peters.
- 56902 No. 6 Band.
P., F. H. Hock.
- 56903 No. 7 Band.
P., Augusta Wilderman.
- 56904 No. 8 Band.
P., Nettie L. Haines.
- 56905 No. 9 Band.
P., Fannie Grimm.
- 56906 No. 10 Band.
P., Minnie Schjervner.
- 56907 No. 11 Band.
P., Augusta Neuhaus.
- 56908 No. 12 Band.
P., Katie R. Bell.
- 56909 Franklin School.
No. 1 Band.
P., A. W. Wollison.
- 56910 No. 2 Band.
P., Anna D. Reiss.
- 56911 No. 3 Band.
P., Wm. Powers.
- 56912 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Vollrath.
- 56913 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Rodenmayer.
- 56914 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Storek.
- 56915 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Koenig.
- 56916 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Meng.
- 56917 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Rauth.
- 56918 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Wangelin.
- 56919 No. 11 Band.
P., Mrs. Gummersheimer.
- 56920 No. 12 Band.
P., Miss Knoebel.
- 56921 No. 13 Band.
P., Miss Long.
- 56922 No. 14 Band.
P., Miss Brua.
- 56923 No. 15 Band.
P., Miss Thiele.
- 56924 No. 16 Band.
P., Miss Rudolph.
- 56925 No. 17 Band.
P., Miss Weber.
- 56926 Lincoln School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Lena Becker.
- 56927 No. 2 Band.
P., Ella Weber.
- 56928 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Sunkel.
- 56929 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Tiley.
- 56930 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Zehner.
- 56931 Humboldt School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Henry Heer.
- 56932 No. 2 Band.
P., Waldemar Kloss.
- 56933 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Houser.
- 56934 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Keil.
- 56935 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Elend.
- 56936 No. 6 Band.
P., A. A. Grassman.
- 56937 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Mueller.
- 56938 No. 8 Band.
P., Amelia B. Herr.
- 56939 Douglas School.
No. 1 Band.
P., E. W. Plegge.
- 56940 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. La Turno.
- 56941 No. 3 Band.
P., F. T. Niess.
- 56942 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Gauntz.
- 56943 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Fillmore.
- 56944 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Wehmeyer.
- 56945 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Schmidt.
- 56946 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Roell.
- 56947 Bunsen School.
No. 1 Band.
P., O. C. Eidman.
- 56948 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Heinz.
- 56949 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Nemeyer.
- 56950 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Weir.
- 56951 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Wittenfeld.
- 56952 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Merker.
- 56953 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Brua.
- 56954 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Kraft.
- 56955 Washington School.
No. 1 Band.
P., James McQuilkin.
- 56956 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Kuispel.
- 56957 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Bates.
- 56958 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Kreppelt.
- 56959 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Heber.
- 56960 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Schleth.
- 56961 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Bartel.
- 56962 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Gunn.
- 56963 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Hoff.
- 56964 *Hedrick, Iowa.*
Hedrick Band.
P., Rhoda A. Wilson.
- 56965 *Lennox, So. Dak.*
Lennox Band.
P., Hilke V. Brethorst.
- 56966 *Hedrick, Iowa.*
McKinley School.
P., Belya Foster.
- 56967 *Northfield, Minn.*
Landseer Band.
P., Mrs. L. G. Harris.
- 56968 *Paducah, Ky.*
6th Grade of Longfellow School.
P., Miss Kate White.
- 56969 *Amisquam, Mass.*
Amisquam Band.
P., Hazel M. Huff.
- 56970 *Washington, D. C.*
Crauch School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss M. J. Peabody.
- 56971 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss A. M. Farrington.
- 56972 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss A. W. Willige.
- 56973 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss A. E. Douglas.
- 56974 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss E. L. Erb.
- 56975 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Penney.
- 56976 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss E. G. Crook.
- 56977 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss M. M. Graham.
- 56978 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Shipley.
- 56979 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss M. D. Rigles.
- 56980 Edmonds School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss M. A. McNantz.
- 56981 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss E. V. Snowden.
- 56982 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss S. C. Goodman.
- 56983 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss M. L. Underwood.
- 56984 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss M. F. Bugbee.
- 56985 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss A. I. Sanderson.
- 56986 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss L. H. Wright.
- 56987 Abby S. Simmons School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Laura G. Arnold.
- 56988 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss B. Johnson.
- 56989 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss E. E. Tayleur.
- 56990 No. 4 Band.
P., Mr. A. B. Coleman.
- 56991 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss V. Collier.
- 56992 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss B. E. Beard.
- 56993 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss M. D. Dodson.
- 56994 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss C. J. Diggs.
- 56995 Montgomery School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss B. Bruce.
- 56996 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss L. Beason.
- 56997 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss R. C. Wheeler.
- 56998 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss A. C. Waller.
- 56999 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss J. Johnson.
- 57000 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss B. Cole.
- 57001 No. 7 Band.
P., Mr. C. Bannister.
- 57002 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss E. Simmons.
- 57003 *Springfield, Mass.*
Tatham School.
P., Mabel Alvord.
- 57004 *Westfield, Mass.*
Normal Training School.
Div. 1 Band.
P., M. H. Day.
- 57005 Div. 2 Band.
P., A. M. Winslow.
- 57006 Div. 3 Band.
P., Anna Downey.
- 57007 Div. 4 Band.
P., M. R. Winkley.
- 57008 Div. 5 Band.
P., Lucia Coleman.
- 57009 Div. 6 Band.
P., E. J. Downey.
- 57010 Div. 7 Band.
P., E. M. Robbins.
- 57011 Div. 8 Band.
P., T. A. Parsons.
- 57012 Div. 9 Band.
P., E. A. Clark.
- 57013 Div. 10 Band.
P., Florene Wiley.
- 57014 Normal Model School.
Div. 1 Band.
P., F. E. Foster.
- 57015 Div. 2 Band.
P., F. P. Artelle.
- 57016 Div. 3 Band.
P., E. J. Dwyer.
- 57017 Prospect Hill School.
Div. 1 Band.
P., Fannie Baber.
- 57018 Div. 2 Band.
P., M. E. Thompson.
- 57019 Div. 3 Band.
P., A. J. Hermance.
- 57020 Div. 4 Band.
P., E. T. Campbell.
- 57021 Div. 5 Band.
P., C. A. Tierney.
- 57022 Div. 6 Band.
P., E. M. Messenger.
- 57023 Div. 7 Band.
P., C. E. Martin.
- 57024 Div. 8 Band.
P., M. H. Kingman.
- 57025 Green School.
Div. 1 Band.
P., N. M. Shepard.
- 57026 Div. 2 Band.
P., C. L. Fitzpatrick.
- 57027 Div. 3 Band.
P., A. Z. Hays.
- 57028 Div. 4 Band.
P., H. Z. Dyson.
- 57029 Ashley Street School.
Div. 1 Band.
P., J. G. Ashley.
- 57030 Div. 2 Band.
P., M. L. Strong.
- 57031 Div. 3 Band.
P., E. E. Root.
- 57032 Div. 4 Band.
P., Rosina Smith.
- 57033 Div. 5 Band.
P., Amelia Marks.
- 57034 Div. 6 Band.
P., M. W. Hall.
- 57035 Div. 7 Band.
P., C. L. Bush.
- 57036 Davis School.
Div. 1 Band.
P., M. A. Long.
- 57037 Div. 2 Band.
P., A. J. Case.
- 57038 Div. 3 Band.
P., H. A. Hatch.
- 57039 Div. 4 Band.
P., A. G. Tierney.
- 57040 Franklin St. School.
Div. 1 Band.
P., C. M. Bush.
- 57041 Div. 2 Band.
P., H. M. Hult.
- 57042 Div. 3 Band.
P., M. L. Lee.
- 57043 Div. 4 Band.
P., A. E. Minikin.
- 57044 *Brazos, Texas.*
Dobbs Valley Band.
P., Miss Lillian Warden.
- 57045 *East St. Louis, Ill.*
Winstanley Park School.
No. 1 Band.
P., G. E. Harper.
- 57046 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Burgess.
- 57047 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Williams.
- 57048 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Wagner.
- 57049 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Bean.
- 57050 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Marlin.
- 57051 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Richee.
- 57052 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Wiley.
- 57053 *Freeburg, Ill.*
Freeburg School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Fred Moeser.
- 57054 No. 2 Band.
P., J. M. Locklar.
- 57055 No. 3 Band.
P., Hamilton Herman.
- 57056 No. 4 Band.
P., Lillian C. Fox.
- 57057 No. 5 Band.
P., Lizzie A. Roth.
- 57058 *Smithton, Ill.*
Smithton School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Charles Lischer.
- 57059 No. 2 Band.
P., Ella K. Etling.
- 57060 *Milledale, Ill.*
Milledale School.
No. 1 Band.
P., George Niess.
- 57061 No. 2 Band.
P., H. F. Wiesenborn.
- 57062 No. 3 Band.
P., G. F. Hilderbrand.
- 57063 No. 4 Band.
P., E. A. Muskopf.
- 57064 No. 5 Band.
P., E. A. Roediger.
- 57065 *Mascontah, Ill.*
Mascontah School.
No. 1 Band.
P., O. P. Klopsch.
- 57066 No. 2 Band.
P., Jacob Bachmann.
- 57067 No. 3 Band.
P., Amy Fackl.
- 57068 No. 4 Band.
P., C. B. Klingelhopfer.
- 57069 No. 5 Band.
P., T. H. Trappe.
- 57070 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Kraft.
- 57071 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Knoth.
- 57072 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Canning.
- 57073 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Kugelmann.
- 57074 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Mollman.
- 57075 *Rentcher, Ill.*
Rentcher School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Jennie Hughes.
- 57076 No. 2 Band.
P., Estella D. Hough.
- 57077 *Birkner, Ill.*
Birkner Schools.
No. 1 Band.
P., A. P. Daniel.
- 57078 No. 2 Band.
P., Evelina Eymann.
- 57079 *Union, Ill.*
Union Schools.
No. 1 Band.
P., Walter C. Stookey.
- 57080 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Ward.
- 57081 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Sharp.
- 57082 *Summerville, Ill.*
Summerville School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Julius C. Herbstman.
- 57083 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Magee.
- 57084 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Sefton.

ITALICS AND LAWYERS.

Some time ago Col. Higginson asked us why we italicized so largely. Our answer was: "We don't print 'Our Dumb Animals' for you, Colonel.

"You can take in the whole without italics, but thousands of busy people, who have no special interest in our work and whom we want to interest in it, will not."

A very eminent Boston lawyer once told us a secret of his success. He said: "My first statement of a case may be taken in by two or three of the jury, but I sometimes have to go over the same ground half a dozen times before all of them understand it."

The distinguished Samuel Hoar, father of our present senator, once said to a jury that the case was so perfectly plain that he would not insult their intelligence by arguing it. The jury returned in a few minutes with a verdict against him and when the astonished lawyer asked the foreman how the jury could have returned such a verdict, he received this answer:

"The fact is, *Square*, we all agreed that if anything could be said for a case *Square Hoar* could say it, and as you didn't say anything, we concluded to render a verdict *ag'in* you."

We once won a victory in a very important case of our own, involving a large amount, by putting our whole case twice before the jury, 1st, by cross-examination of the plaintiff's witnesses, who denied everything, and 2nd, by direct examination of our own, who swore to everything which the plaintiff's witnesses denied.

Italics do no harm to the interested reader, and are of great use in attracting the attention of others less interested.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE REASON.

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing,
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way;
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing;"
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So if the boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls—will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I,
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"They will make you whistle enough some day."

New Orleans Picayune.

HORSE WAS COLD.

WALKED INTO BEDFORD HOUSE AND STOOD BY
STOVE.

A singular incident was that when a horse owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Cotton of Bedford walked from the stable into the house and stood beside the stove. The animal had become chilled with the cold, and with a sort of human instinct made his way to the stove.

The women of the house were busy washing when the horse came in, and were much surprised to see their strange visitor. The horse was led out to the barn after it had become warm.

From the Manchester (N. H.) Union,
Feb. 6, 1904.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.

We have had considerable correspondence with the publishers of the "Sea Side Torch," at Asbury Park, and by their kindness have presented to our readers some very beautiful pictures.

We are glad to know that they have recently organized a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

WON'T KICK ANOTHER.

"I saw a cat like that little one cause a decidedly lively time in front of *Peter's concert hall* last night," said a hackman, as he noticed a forlorn little kitten crossing the sidewalk.

"How's that, Jim?"

"It happened early in the evening. A number of persons were standing about, and among them a tall, lanky fellow. You wouldn't have taken him for a fighter. A little kitten came out of a hallway and trotted down the sidewalk. Just then some rounders came down the street. There were three of them, and all looked as though they could put up a good scrap. One of the big fellows saw the kitten and kicked it.

"I saw the tall, lanky fellow move out to where the men were. Before I caught on to what was the matter he grabbed the fellow who had kicked the kitten by the collar of his coat, and squaring him round with a jerk said: 'What did you mean by kicking that kitten? Did it ever do you any harm?'

"Well, what have you got to do about it?" one of the fellows said. "It ain't your cat."

"I've got considerable to do about it, even if it is only a cat."

"The three big fellows simply stood and leered at the champion of the little kitten. That seemed to make him all the madder, and reaching back he hit the man who had kicked the kitten, saying: 'I can't keep from hitting such a miserable coward as you are, and if I ever see you kick a dumb brute again I'll serve you the same way.'

"I looked for a large-sized scrap, but neither the man nor his two companions took it up, but waltzed down the street, muttering that they didn't want to get arrested, but that they would get even. I looked around to see what had become of the lanky fellow, but he had disappeared."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

(From the New York World.)

I hold that every city and town should be prepared at all times to furnish temporary work at low wages to those who are not able to obtain better work elsewhere, because men must live, and it is better they should live by earning than by begging or stealing. Say nothing of the humanitarian aspects of the case, it is cheaper to provide even unprofitable labor than to build and sustain prisons and almshouses.

In many of our cities and towns public improvements are needed, and this labor could be made profitable. Wherever work is provided tramps and able-bodied beggars can be immediately employed, and will have no excuse for begging. But how shall we provide permanent work for our unemployed able-bodied men?

I answer: That there is but one way under the existing state of things in which this can be done. They must go on to and till the soil. No trade is so easily learned as that of a farmer. To plough and plant and hoe and sow and gather are things not difficult to understand. Put 10,000 people on fertile lands, give them domestic animals, implements, seeds and provisions, and they will live and have plenty of work.

I say: Establish colonies. Put these unemployed men on alternate quarter-sections of lands; put up for them small houses, mills, shops, a savings bank, and halls to be used for schools week-days, for religious instruction Sundays, and for moral and interesting amusements and instruction evenings; furnish them tools, transportation, money. Give each who desires it a conditional deed of his lands and buildings which, on the payment of what has been advanced, with interest, shall vest in him a good title, provided he shall have sustained a good character. * * *

If it be said that we cannot afford to provide labor for the unemployed and to establish these colonies, then I answer: We cannot afford not to.

If these colonies are well managed by competent and honest men, of whom, I think, we still have a considerable stock in the country, there is no reason why the sums paid back by the colonists in purchase of their buildings and lands, together with sums received for the alternate reserved quarter sections and lots, should not pay eventually the whole, or nearly the whole, expense of the colonization, and so make the cost little or nothing of transforming thousands of our able-bodied poor, liable to become criminals, into productive, law-abiding citizens.

This is the plan. How can it be carried out? I answer: Not by individual talking, preaching or writing. These simply prepare the way. It must be accomplished, as all other great political, religious and humane movements are, by organized action. If we seek to prevent poverty and crime, the first step is to form in our cities and larger towns organizations for the purpose of preventing them; which organizations I would call "societies for the prevention of poverty and crime."



THE LITTLE COMRADE.

From "Animal Stories," by Gabrielle E. Jackson.
Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.

They should be composed of both men and women. They should have, as other organizations have, offices and paid officers constantly employed. They should gather and publish facts—go before city and town authorities and state governments, and, if necessary, before Congress, with petitions and arguments, and in all practical ways labor to carry out the purposes for which they are formed.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President American Humane Education Society.

PANAMA.

In our daily paper of February 23rd we see that Congress has ratified the Panama canal treaty, and that a regiment of our northern soldiers is ordered to sail at once from New York to Panama.

If it is necessary to have an army at Panama, it seems to us more humane and economical to enlist and employ the people who live there, than to send our northern officers and soldiers into that deadly climate, many to come back in coffins and many others as life invalids, with an enormous increase of our pension list, at present [by far] the largest in the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WAR IS HELL FOR HORSES.

While we fully sympathize with human beings who suffer in war, both those who are killed and wounded and those left at home, who often suffer vastly more, we never forget that war, more than anything else, is "hell for horses," and in regard to those who get up and keep up wars, we fully agree with the clergyman who, failing to collect his salary, said to his congregation: "I have preached to you that there is no hell, but I tell you now if there isn't a hell there ought to be."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Animal Rescue Leagues are needed in every city and large town. For full information write Mrs. Huntington Smith, founder of the first one, 51 Carver St., Boston.

Receipts of the M. S. P. C. A. for January, 1904.

Fines and witness fees, \$274.40.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Miss H. O. Cruft, \$50; Mrs. Elbridge Torrey, \$20; For "Horses Rest," \$15; Miss Caroline M. Martin, \$10; Miss Frances L. Wilson, \$10; Second Church, Dorchester, \$10; Albert C. Warren, \$8; Mrs. A. L. George, \$3; Miss Hattie C. Gray, \$1.50; Mrs. Wm. Andrews, \$1.50; Cash, \$0.20.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Paul B. Roberts, Mrs. G. E. Lester, Mrs. D. W. Ensign, Mrs. N. J. Griggs, Mrs. W. H. Hill, M. H. Krook, Miss C. F. Forbes, E. W. Willard, Wm. A. Read.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

F. E. Mason, Rev. A. H. Amory, S. Clark, Rev. J. C. Harrington, A. F. Smith, J. C. Palfrey, Mrs. C. E. Gresham, W. L. Pevear.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

A. W. Bancroft, Rev. M. H. Hitchcock, M. A. Ball, B. F. Ball, Rev. C. F. Dolc, G. B. Sutherland, Mrs. E. Stewart, Dr. Foster, Mrs. C. R. Randall, C. H. Collins, E. L. Burdakin, Rev. F. H. Houston, Dr. N. Gammon, G. I. Leland, W. E. Symonds, Mrs. J. McNair, N. O. Pevear, Dr. G. N. Gammon, Mrs. K. E. Greenhalge, H. W. Lincoln, Hill, Walsh & Co., Dr. Marston, E. E. Boynton, J. T. Bresnahan, Young, Sampson & Hollis, P. Lennox & Co., F. A. Goddard, L. F. Fuller, F. I. Hopkins, E. B. Greenleaf, F. D. Mayo, H. M. Rogers, J. C. Batchelder, Hurley Estate, J. A. Parks, M. J. Worthley, Hoag & Walden, J. H. Osborn.

Total, \$228.20.

The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Sampson's Agency, \$6.50; Miss J. A. H. Colby, \$6; Mrs. C. E. Thayer, \$5.20; Miss Mary S. Ames, \$5; Miss A. M. Goodwin, \$4; M. H. Heath, \$3.50; Moore's Agency, \$3.25; K. M. Swan, \$2.50; Dr. C. Simonds, \$2.50; Graumiaux's Agency, \$2.50; Mrs. L. D. Mack, \$2.25; J. W. Dodge, \$2; Dr. C. C. Day, \$2; M. S. Davis, \$2; Miss Van Kirk, \$2; R. Peavy, \$2; Mrs. C. P. Croft, \$2; Hanson's Agency, \$1.75; W. A. Swasy, \$1.50; Dr. C. A. French, \$1.50; S. N. Emerson, \$1.50; F. B. Cudworth, \$1.50; Mrs. J. M. Stickney, \$1.50; Mrs. A. R. Hyde, \$1.50; Mrs. N. J. Kellogg, \$1.50; H. A. Dorr, \$1.50; Mrs. M. F. Leger, \$1.50; G. Haug, \$1.25; Mrs. J. S. Forbes, \$0.75; Mrs. H. A. Currier, \$0.75; M. Thomson, \$0.75; Mrs. J. S. Bridgford, \$0.75; A. Morgan, \$0.75; Mrs. J. R. D. Oldham, \$0.62.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

M. B. Hopkins, Mrs. E. L. Curial, T. W. Jenness, J. L. Barnes, Mrs. M. E. Oatman, Mrs. D. W. Ensign, Miss Cobb, Mrs. C. H. Sprague, E. Tatham, W. A. Martin, E. L. Everett, E. Emerson, A. H. Arnold, Mrs. H. W. Williamson, Mrs. J. N. Long, Mrs. Atkinson, N. B. Wentworth, W. P. Lunt, W. A. Usher, E. R. Andrews, A. friend, A. L. Foster, R. E. Burke, H. E. Hewitt, Cash, Mrs. J. B. Hume, Rev. J. J. Nilan, Miss A. Stanford, Mrs. H. E. Williams, Miss M. P. Bacon, M. M. Prouty, S. S. Warren, Mrs. M. H. Chamberlain, Mrs. E. Torrey, Dr. Nichols, Mrs. E. V. Carter, L. A. Wright, L. J. Wetherbee, Mrs. L. E. Sackett, Mrs. N. W. C. Holt, L. C. Ware, M. A. Rogers.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

M. Lee, E. Kiefer, C. M. Martin, A. J. Wilderman, F. Wardell, E. Steiger & Co., Mrs. S. J. Prouty, B. V. Stanley, Mrs. Mittler, Dr. E. K. Brown, Kenyon News Co., Rogers' Free Library, A. Howe, Mrs. W. H. Hoeg, Jr., A. M. Brown, A. H. Kexley, F. B. Pierson, E. P. Crowell, Mrs. M. Boggs, I. Burtis, Miss Burnett, V. P. Tufts, N. A. Jones, E. M. Bliven, G. L. Hathaway, Mrs. F. A. Lackey, A. L. Brown, A. Kirkness, D. M. Huntington, T. Huse, Cash, Dr. Pillsbury, Mrs. W. C. Tappan, J. D. Nichols, A. M. Bradbury, H. E. Fitch, E. H. Noyes, J. M. B., Cash, Miss Morrison, Mrs. M. Dennett, W. E. Andrews, Dr. Homer, C. F. A. Hall, A. friend, P. H. S., Mrs. W. D. Hovey, Cash, A. W. Thurlow, C. C. Porter, Mrs. E. P. Dodge, Cash, H. M. Briggs, H. S. Stearns, J. B. Little, K. Castlehum, F. C. Stone, F. Tigh, Cash, Mrs. C. W. Goodwin, Mrs. D. F. Fiske, Mrs. B. Hale, Mrs. C. Savage, G. H. Pearson, G. H. O'Connell, W. M. Fisher, D. A. Field, D. Foe, L. L. Hendrick, H. K. Ireland, H. T. Fogg, J. B. Nelson, J. A. Stevenson, J. F. Dondero, B. C. Perry, H. G. Philbrick, M. Lovejoy, P. J. Murphy, A. R. Whittier, Mrs. J. H. Wheeler, Mrs. C. W. Goodwin, W. M. Hume, Mrs. T. W. Lane, C. M. Bennett, Mrs. M. W. Joy, E. R. Sibley, Mrs. S. Clark, Miss Clark, J. E. Trombler, M. J. Tobey, J. W. Gale, Dr. Henderson, Mrs. C. E. Osgood, Mrs. E. Purdy, G. W. Carleton, Z. F. Biddle, H. N. Huntington, A. Huntington, Mrs. W. E. Darling, S. T. Pickard, Dr. Rand, Dr. Douglass, Mrs. W. E. Burbank, Dr. Murphy, M. G. Cowden, J. A. Balch, Mrs. E. L. Gale, Dr. Leslie, S. E. Bartlett, Mrs. J. Crondon, Wm. Dodge, Mrs. L. Bubar, S. E. Mitchell, A. C. Warren, Mrs. B. H. Huff, Mrs. Wm. Patten, Mrs. S. E. Jewell, L.

M. Tucker, Mrs. M. E. Wadsworth, A. S. Foster, Mrs. M. E. Cogswell, H. C. Gray, E. Wolfe, M. W. Sutton, S. Allen, Mrs. F. A. Rollins, E. C. Stackpole, W. H. Hoeg, Jr., H. H. Billings, E. C. Dempsey, C. J. Graham, C. M. Martin, J. W. Edgerly, Mrs. A. E. Dwight, Miss C. F. Forbes, M. Hanna, L. E. Sampson, C. M. Hoyt, H. H. Bookings, A. M. Stabler, Miss L. Myrick, M. L. Wood, W. Blackwood, M. E. Curtis, St. Vincent's Home, W. H. Durst, E. Kingman, H. E. Hood, I. J. Maxwell, Mrs. Wm. Andrews, Mrs. D. C. Moulton, G. A. Dearborn, H. N. Corney, C. H. Aborn, Mrs. C. H. Baker, Dr. Shrum, F. E. Bickford, N. Shore Ex. Co., Mrs. R. Robinson, J. Roberts, A. H. Bonney, L. F. Fuller, Mrs. Wetherbee, Mrs. G. P. Nasle, A. L. Daniels, F. Otto, Mrs. L. Smith, M. A. Nichols, F. Berridge, C. W. Eaton, E. M. Stevens, J. Fernald, Dr. Harris, J. O. Marshall & Son, P. H. Nourse, D. H. Sanborn, M. E. Dands, Mrs. J. W. Easterline, E. Clark, D. D. Cottrell.

All others, \$54.61.

Total, \$262.68.

Sales of Publications, \$71.40.

Total, \$109.68.

Receipts of the American Humane Education Society for January, 1904.

Miss Clara B. Musselman, \$100; Mrs. J. N. Fiske, \$25; Mrs. R. H. Cole, \$20; Mrs. Elbridge Torrey, \$10; Mrs. S. J. Prouty, \$5; Mrs. E. E. Blodgett, \$5; Mrs. F. Fitz Gerald, \$5; Miss C. J. Graham, \$5; Miss Sarah M. Allen, \$5; Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, \$5; Miss E. Metcalf, \$2; Mrs. N. H. Sprecker, \$1.96.

Sales of Publications, \$26.96.

SHE WORE A STAR.

We are glad to read, in the Janesville (Wisconsin) Daily Gazette of Jan. 26th, how a young "Band of Mercy" girl found an aged lady lying in the street on the ice, with a broken arm, and succeeded in securing help and taking her to a doctor's office, where she had the bones reset, and then had her carried to her own home.

Never forget that "one with God is a majority."

United Christian churches have power to prevent all wars between Christian nations.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS." We believe no other paper in the world goes, as "Our Dumb Animals" does every month, to the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and we believe that no paper in the world is more seldom thrown into the waste-basket unread.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our Bands of Mercy in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of over twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following prices, free of postage:—

Black Beauty, in English or Italian, cloth 30 cts., paper 10 cts.
" " (German) . . . heavy paper 35 cts.
" " (Modern Greek) . . . paper 25 cts.
" " (Spanish) . . . paper 10 cts.
" " (Swedish) . . . paper 20 cts.
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